

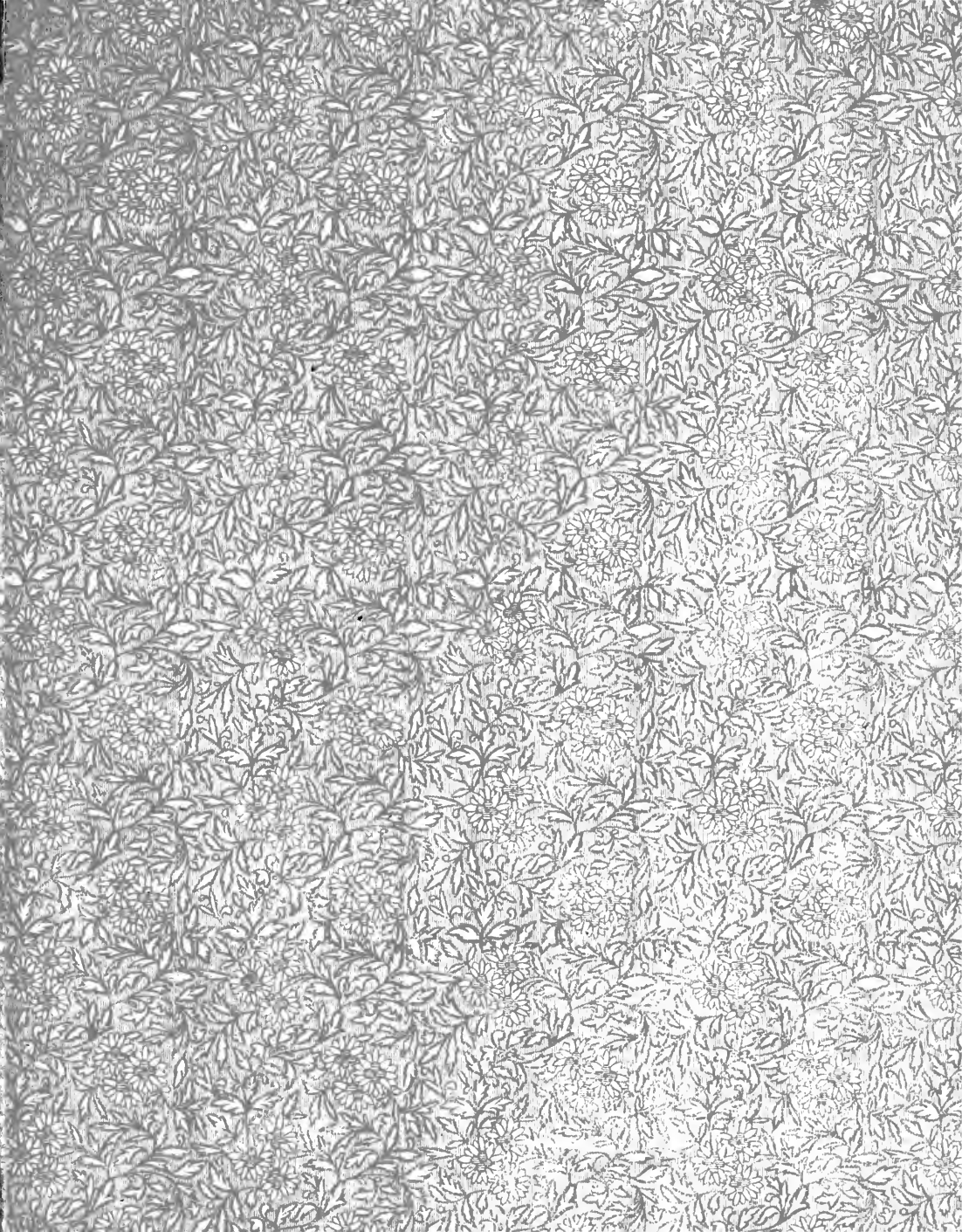
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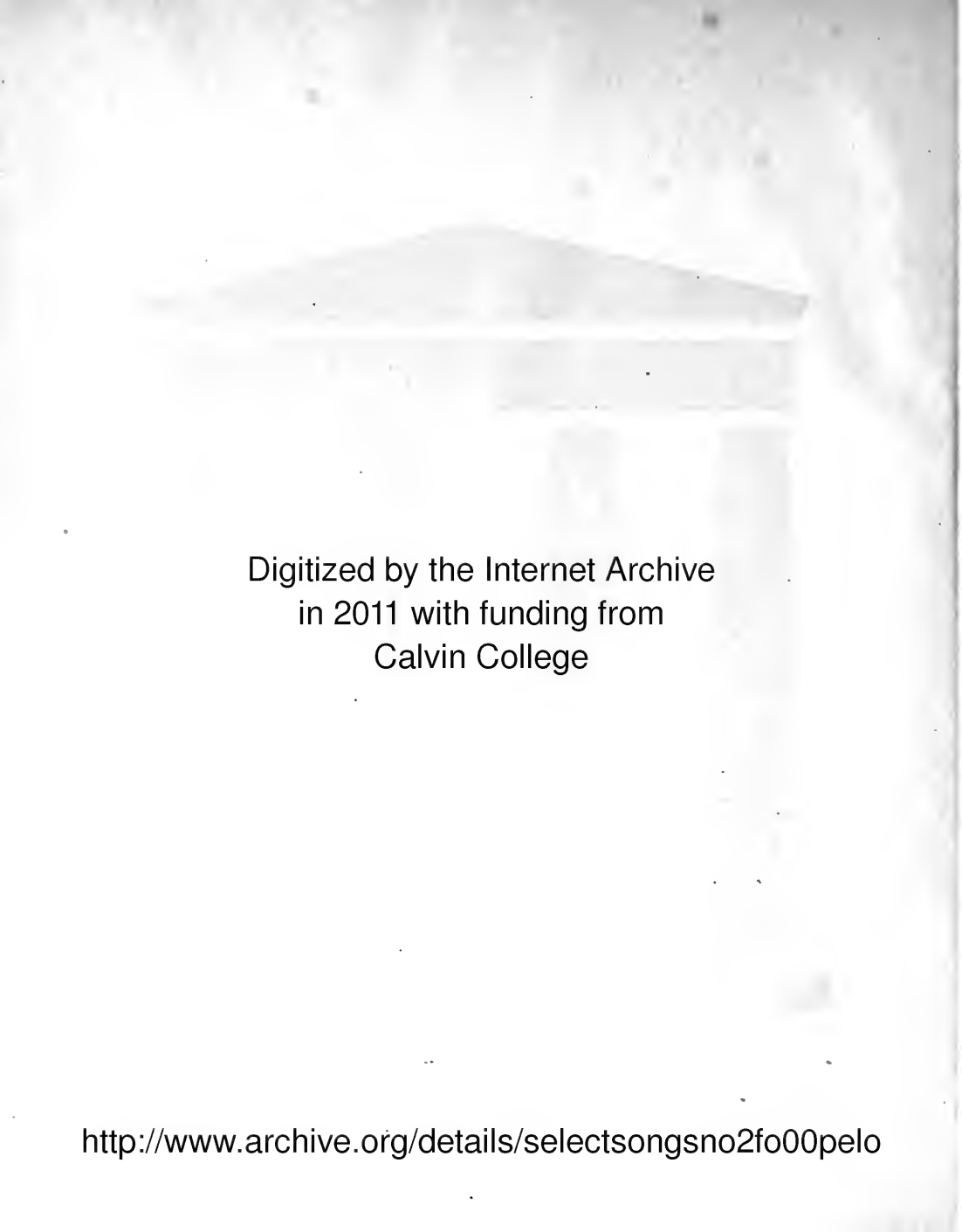
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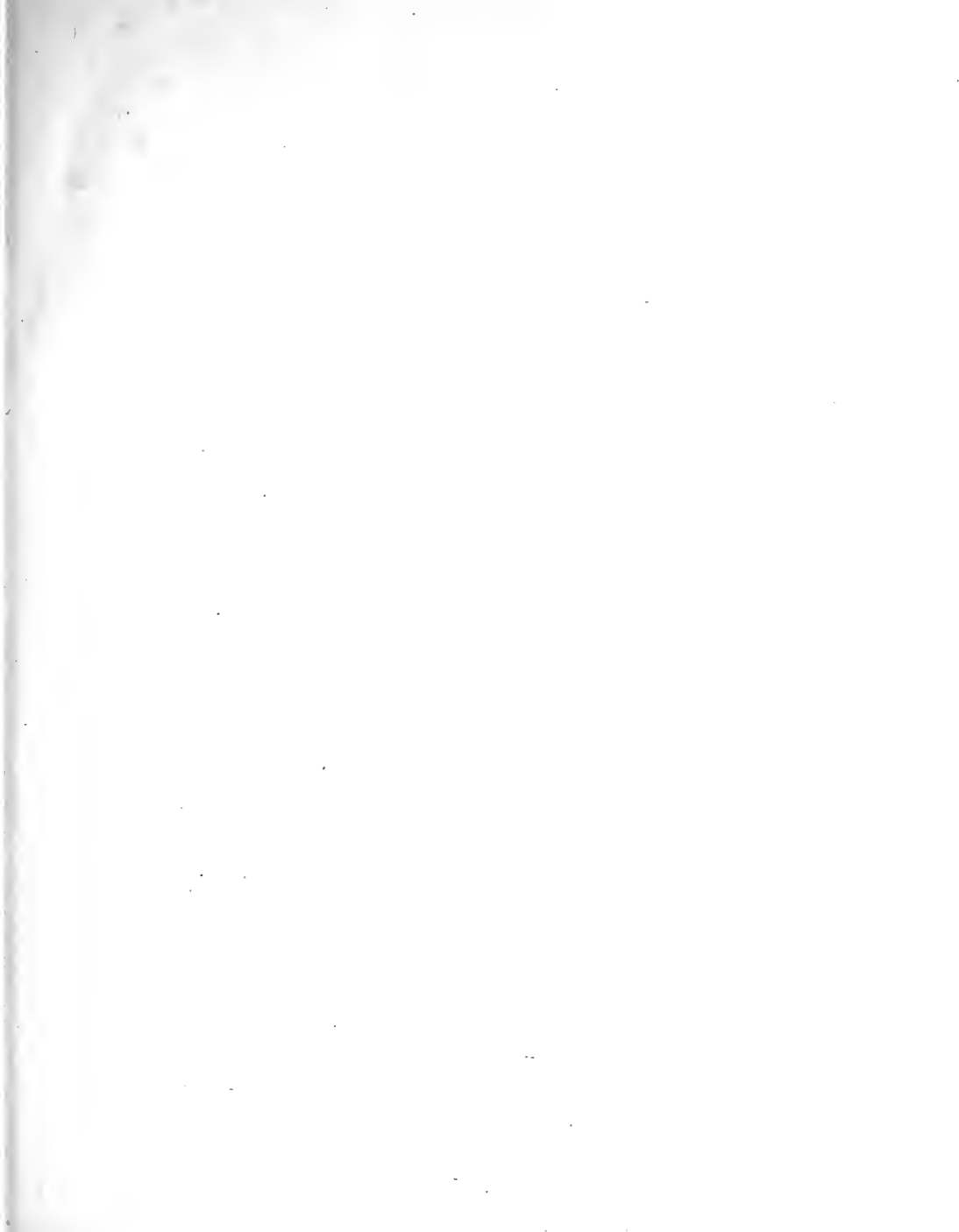
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SELECT SONGS

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FOR THE

SINGING SERVICE

IN THE

PRAYER MEETING ;

SUNDAY SCHOOL ;

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETINGS.

✓

EDITED BY

✓

F. N. PELOUBET, D. D. AND HUBERT P. MAIN.

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

76 EAST NINTH STREET,
New York.

215 WABASH AVENUE,
Chicago.

MAY BE ORDERED OF BOOKSELLERS AND MUSIC DEALERS.

PREFACE.

SELECT SONGS No. 1 has been received with so great favor, and has so well filled a place otherwise left vacant, that the compilers feel warranted in preparing another work, projected on the same lines and selected from the abundance of excellent material gathered in the course of ordinary duties in practical Sunday School work during the ten years since SELECT SONGS No. 1 was issued.

SELECT SONGS No. 2 contains no pieces that are in No. 1 excepting a few pages of familiar hymns, with a line of melody added for convenience in leading the singing, and which are placed at the end of the book.

There are very great advantages in using as far as possible the same book in the Prayer-meeting, the Sunday School and the Christian Endeavor meeting, instead of having three separate works and three separate sets of hymns and tunes. Thus the gain through the service of song in one department is gained for all.

The choicest words and music that are adapted to the purpose have been selected.

Special thanks are due to the many kind friends who have given their judgment from the standpoints of professor of music, choir leader, pastor, superintendent of Sunday School, and leader of song in the prayer-meeting, and to OLIVER DITSON Co., THE JOHN CHURCH Co., MAYNARD, MERRILL & Co., JOHN J. HOOD, W. J. BALTZELL, U. P. BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D., WILL. L. THOMPSON, Rev. J. M. DRIVER, Rev. F. M. LAMB, WM. G. FISCHER, and others for permission to use valuable selections of which they own the copyright.

Much of the music and words is copyright property and cannot be used without permission of the various owners.

THE COMPILERS.

Select Songs Nos. 1 and 2 will be bound up in one volume for those who desire it. This edition will be as complete a manual of praise as can be obtained, for use in the Prayer Meeting, the Sunday School, and the meetings of the Society of Christian Endeavor. Price, in cloth, \$70.00 per 100 copies, by express; 85 cents each by mail.

SELECT SONGS, NO. 2.

No. 1.

Grace before Meals.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. With Thy gifts Thy grace be - stow, Feed our souls with heav'n - ly food,
2. In the strength which Thou dost give, Help us, Lord, hence - forth to live,

Help us wor - tii - ly to show Grat - i - tude for ev - 'ry good.
Make us know Thy per - fect will - In our lives Thy life ful - fill.

The musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

* As used by the Boston Superintendent's Union at their suppers.

2.

FOR "GRACE."

Tune—OLD HUNDRED.

(Before meals at sociables and public gatherings.)

- 1 Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.
- 2 We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life send down from heaven.

John Cennick.

3.

CLOSING HYMN.

Tune—GREENVILLE.

- 1 Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply Thy people's need.
- 2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To Thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1784.

4.

Sentence. (Gloria Tibi.)

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord!

The musical score is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It consists of a single system of music with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Opening and Closing.

5.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it

The first system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri' by Charles Meineke. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The treble staff features a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are 'Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it'.

was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

The second system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri' by Charles Meineke. It continues the treble and bass staves from the first system. The lyrics for this system are 'was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

6.

Gloria Patri.

HENRY W. GREATOREX.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

The first system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri' by Henry W. Greatorex. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major and 4/4 time. The treble staff features a vocal line with lyrics, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are 'Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it'.

was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.

The second system of the musical score for 'Gloria Patri' by Henry W. Greatorex. It continues the treble and bass staves from the first system. The lyrics for this system are 'was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

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7.

Sentence. (Kyrie Eleison.)

CHAS. GOUNOD.

Response after the 4th and 9th Commandments.

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the 10th Commandment. *p Piu lento.*

us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

8.

O Most Merciful. (Closing.)

R. HEBER.
Adagio.

O most mer-ci-ful! O most boun-ti-ful! Fa-ther of love e-ter-nal;

When the darkness deepens, When life's day is o-ver, Take us to dwell in Thy mansions above.

9.

O, Praise ye the Father.

JOHN F. GENUNG.

MARCANTOINE SIMAO.

Voices in Unison.

O, praise ye the Father, whose love supreme upholds us, Oh, praise ye the Son by ransomed

mil-lions adored; Oh, praise ye the Spirit, whose guiding care enfolds us; For grace unseen, un-

end-ing, Our life from ills de-fend-ing, To a - ges, of a - ges, oh, praise ye the Lord!

Opening and Closing.

10.

Jesus, King of Glory.

W. H. DAVISON.

1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,
 2. On this day of glad - ness, Bend - ing low the knee In Thine earthy tem - ple,
 3. When the shadows lengthen, Show us, Lord, Thy way; Thro' the darkness lead us

Hear Thy chil - dren cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse as from our sin,
 Lord, we wor - ship Thee; Cel - e - brate Thy good - ness, Mer - cy, grace, and truth,
 To the heav - 'nly day. When our course is fin - ished End - ed all the strife,

REFRAIN.

By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'ny life to win.
 All Thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heed - less youth. } Je - sus, King of glo - ry,
 Grant us with the faith - ful Palms and crowns of life.

Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

By permission from the "Church Hymnary."

11.

The Lord be with us.

Rev. J. ELLERTON.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to receive; His gift of peace up-
2. The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest; Be He of ev - 'ry

on us send, Be-fore His courts we leave. The Lord be with us as we walk A -
heart the Light, Of ev - 'ry home the Guest. The Lord be with us as we bend His

long our homeward road; In silent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be still with God.
bless- ing to re - ceive; His gift of peace up-on us send, Be- fore His courts we leave.

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12.

- 1 The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.
The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.
- 2 Thou knowest all: I lean my head;
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows.

And He has loved me: All my heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the word.

- 3 So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.
The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

Unknown Author.

13.

Good Night.

E. TOURJÉE. By per.

1. Fare - well, dear friends, a - dieu, a - dieu, Still in God's ways de - light,
 2. And when the ban - ner is un - furl'd, The sig - nal for our flight,
 3. And when we meet in heav'n a - bove, And see that glo - rious sight,

Still in God's ways de - light; And grace and peace shall be with you,
 The sig - nal for our flight; We then shall say to this vain world,
 And see that glo - rious sight, We'll sing of His re - deem - ing love,

m Good-night, good-night, good-night, Good-night, good-night, good-night; And grace and
 Good-night, good-night, good-night, Good-night, good-night, good-night; We then shall
 But nev - er say, good - night, Good-night, good-night, good-night; We'll sing of

Good night, good night ;

peace shall be with you,..... Good-night, good-night, good - night.
 say to this vain world,..... Good-night, good-night, good - night.
 His re - deem - ing love,..... But nev - er say, good - night.

Opening and Closing.

Copyright, 1872, by E. Tourjée.

14.

Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
 2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;
 3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel - guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

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15.

Ere I Sleep.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

C. DARNTON.

1. Ere I sleep, for ev - 'ry fa - vor This day showed By my God,
 2. Leave me not but ev - er love me; Let Thy peace Be my bliss

3 Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
 Safely keep,
 While I sleep,
 Me, with all Thy power.

4 And where'er in death I slumber
 Let me rise
 With the wise,
 Counted in their number.

I will bless my Sav - iour.
 Till Thou hence re - move me.

Opening and Closing.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

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17.

Praise the Rock of our Salvation.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Praise the might - y God a - bove;
 2. Je - sus' blood so free - ly of - fer'd, Je - sus' blood a - vails for sin;
 3. Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion; Catch from yon - der ra - diant clime,

Come be - fore His sa - cred pres - ence With a grate - ful song of love.
 Je - sus at the door of mer - cy, Waits to let the wand'rer in.
 Strains by ev - er - last - ing a - ges, Ech - oed back in tones sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is God, and He a - lone;

Wake the song of ad - o - ra - tion, Come with joy be - fore His throne.

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18.

Let us Praise Him To-day.

Rev. J. FAWCETT, 1767.

W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Praise to Thee, Thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to Thee from ev - 'ry tongue;
 2. Fa - ther! source of all com - pas - sion! Pure, un - bound - ed grace is Thine;
 3. For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy,
 4. Praise to God, our great Cre - a - tor! Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

Join, my soul, with ev - 'ry creat - ure, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
 Hail the Lord of our sal - va - tion! Praise Him for His love di - vine.
 Sound His praise thro' earth and heav - en, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on high.
 Praise Him, ev - 'ry liv - ing creat - ure, Earth and heav'n's u - nit - ed host.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and the Son!
 Glo - ry to the Fa - ther and the Son!
 Glo - ry to the Spir - it! three in one!
 Glo - ry to the Spir - it!

Let us praise Him, let us praise Him,

Let us praise Him to - day, And sing His lov - ing kind - ness on our way.

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19.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.

H. COLLINS.

J. BARNBY.

Andante. *cres.*

mf

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call,
2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought, How can I love Thee as I ought,
3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so lov - ing - ly?
4. Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song, To Thee my heart and soul be - long;

Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.
And how ex - tol Thy match - less fame The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought! O far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought!
All that I am or have is Thine; And Thou, my Sav - iour, Thou art mine.

Slower. *cres.* *f* *dim.* *p*

Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more.

20.

Jesus, our Life.

Tr. RAY PALMER.

V. C. TAYLOR.

p

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou fount of life! Thou Light of men!
2. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still!
3. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Where'er our chang - ful lot is cast.
4. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay! Make all our mo - ments calm and bright!

Worship.

Jesus, our Life.—Concluded.

From the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-fill'd to Thee a-gain.
 We drink of Thee, the Foun-tain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
 Glad when Thy gra-cious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
 Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho-ly light.

21.

Our Song of Praise.

F. S. PIERPONT.

CONRAD KOCHER.

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,
 2. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter par-ent, child,
 3. For the gift of Thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last,

For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,
 Friends on earth and friends a-bove, Pleas-ures pure and un-de-filed,
 For the Spir-its' vic-t'ry won, For the crown when life is past,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate-ful song of praise.
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our grate-ful song of praise.
 Lord of all, to Thee we raise Songs of grat-i-tude and praise.

Worship.

22.

Worship the Lord.

Dr. L. MASON, arr. by J. F. GENUNG.

1. Wor-ship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness; Bow down be-fore Him. His glo-ry proclaim;
 2. Low at His feet lay thy bur-den of carefulness, High on His heart He will bear it for thee;
 3. Fear not to en-ter His courts in the slenderness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
 4. These, tho' we bring them in trembling and fearfulness He will ac-cept for the name that is dear;

With gold of obedience and incense of low-liness, Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is His name!
 Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy pray'rfulness, Guid-ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
 Truth in its beau-ty, and love in its tenderness, These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
 Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

23.

Come, let us Adore Him.

English.

Come, let us a-dore Him, come bow at His feet; O give Him the glo-ry, the

praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceasing a-rise, And join the full

Come, let us Adore Him.—Concluded.

CHORUS

cho- rus that gladdens the skies, And join the full cho- rus that glad-dens the skies.

24. O had I Wings like a Dove.

C. J.

CHARLES JEFFEREYS.

1. O had I wings like a dove, I would fly A - way from this world of care;
 2. O is it not writ - ten, Be - lieve and live? The heart by bright hope allured

FINE.

My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a ref- uge there;
 Shall find the com- fort those words can give, And be by its faith as - sured;

D. S.—No fa - vored spot where con - tent has birth, In which I may find a rest?

D. S.—The light of re - lig - ion to guide us on In joy to the paths of heaven.

D.S.

But is there no hav - en here on earth? No hope for the wounded breast?
 Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has given;

Sing a New Song.

H. B. ALLEN.

1. Lo, Je - ho - vah His sal - va - tion Hath to all the world made known;
 2. Mind-ful of His truth and mer - cy He to Is - r'el's house hath been,
 3. All the earth sing to Je - ho - vah, Shout a - loud, sing and re - joice;
 4. Sound the trum - pet and the cor - net, Shout be - fore the Lord the King;
 5. Let the riv - ers in their glad - ness Clap their hands with one ac - cord;
 6. For to judge the earth He com - eth, And with right-ous-ness shall He

In the sight of ev - 'ry na - tion He His right-ousness hath shown.
 And the Lord our God's sal - va - tion All the ends of earth have seen.
 With the harp sing to Je - ho - vah, With the harp and tune - ful voice.
 Sea, and all its fullness thun - der; Earth, and all its peo - ple sing.
 Let the mountains sing to - geth - er, And re - joice be - fore the Lord.
 Judge the world; and all the na - tions He shall judge with eq - ui - ty.

CHORUS.
 Sing a new song to Je - ho - vah, For the won - ders He hath wrought;

His right hand and arm, most ho - ly, Vic - to - ry to Him have brought.

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26.

1 Hark! the sound of angel-voices
Over Bethlehem's star-lit plain;
Hark! the heavenly host rejoices,
Jesus comes on earth to reign.

CHO.—Sing a new song to Jehovah,
For the wonders He hath wrought;
His right hand and arm, most holy,
Victory to Him have brought.

2 See celestial radiance beaming,
Lighting up the midnight sky;
'Tis the promised day-star gleaming,
'Tis the day-spring from on high.

3 Angels from the realms of glory,
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!

C. Wordsworth.

27.

My God, I Thank Thee.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

German.

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth . . . so bright;
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to . . . a - bound;
3. I thank Thee more that all our joy Is touched . . . with pain;

So full of splen-dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So ma - ny gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round;
That shad - ows fall on bright - est hours, That thorns re - main;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here so no - ble and right,
That in the dark - est spot of earth some love is found.
So that earth's bliss may be our guide, and not our chain.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Worship.

28.

Hosanna we Sing.

GEO. H. HODGES.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-san-na we sing, like the chil-dren dear, In the old-en days when the
 2. Ho-san-na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re-joices the hymns of His

Lord lived here: He blessed lit-tle children, and smiled on them, When they chanted His
 own to hear; We know that His heart will nev-er wax cold To the lambs that He

praise in Je-ru-sa-lem. Al-le-lu-ia we sing, like the chil-dren bright,
 feeds in His earth-ly fold. Al-le-lu-ia we sing in the Church we love,

With their harps of gold and their rai-ment white; As they fol-low their Shepherd with
 Al-le-lu-ia re-sounds in the Church a-bove; To Thy lit-tle ones, Lord, may such

Hosanna we Sing.—Concluded.

lov - ing eyes Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of par - a - dise.
 grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heav'n.

29.

Undique Gloria.

GEORGE HERBERT.

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing My God and King! The heav'ns are not too
 2. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing My God and King! The Church with psalms must

high, His praise may thither fly: The earth is not too low, His prais-es there may
 shout; No door can keep them out; But a-bove all the heart Must bear the long-est

grow. Let all the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing My God and King!
 part. Let all the world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing My God and King!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He

won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
 suf-fer'd, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

FINE.
 glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a Shepherd,
 va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!

great-ness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

D. S.
 Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He carries them all day long;
 Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, wonderful, deep and strong;

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1. God's might-y works who can ex-press? Or show forth all His praise?
 2. Re-mem-ber me, O Lord, with love, Which Thou to Thine dost bear;
 3. That I Thy cho-sen's good may see, And in their joy re-joice;
 4. We with our fa-thers have transgressed, And done in-i-qui-ty;
 5. The won-ders great, which Thou, O Lord, Didst work in E-gypt land,

O blest are they that judg-ment keep, And just-ly do al-ways.
 With Thy sal-va-tion, O my God, To vis-it me draw near.
 And may with Thine in-her-it-ance Ex-ult with cheer-ful voice.
 With them we have transgress-ors been, We have done wick-ed-ly.
 Our fa-thers, though they saw, yet them They did not un-der-stand.

CHORUS.

Praise ye . . . the Lord . . .

His mer-cy shall en-

Praise ye the Lord, and give Him thanks, For bounti-ful is He; His ten-der mer-cy

dure, . . .

shall en-dure To all e-ter-ni-ty.

6 And they Thy mercies' multitude
 Kept not in memory;
 But at the sea, ev'n the Red sea,
 Provoked Him grievously.

7 Yet notwithstanding He then saved,
 Ev'n for His own name's sake;
 That so He might, to be well known,
 His mighty power make.

32.

Oh, Praise the Lord.

1. Oh, praise the Lord! sing praises to our God, Our Father and our Friend! O
 2. Praise ye the Lord! sing praises to our God, Our Father and our Friend! Here
 3. Praise ye the Lord! sing praises to our God, Our Father and our Friend! May

let our thoughts and thanks arise As grateful incense to the skies! Praise ye the Lord!
 may we prove the power of prayer To strengthen faith and sweeten care; Praise ye the Lord!
 trusting faith and holy love Rise fervent to the throne above; Praise ye the Lord!

33.

Pray, Always Pray.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

G. R. CALDBECK.

1. Pray, always pray; the Holy Spirit pleads Within thee all thy daily,
 2. Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heavy load Prayer sees the blood from Jesus'

hourly needs.
 side that flowed. *Amen.*

3 Pray, always pray, though weary, faint, and lone,
 Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.
 4 Pray, always pray; amid the world's turmoil
 Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.
 5 Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway throng,
 Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angels' song.
 6 All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
 Prayer grasps eternity; pray, always pray.

Worship.

34. Sweetly Dawns the Sabbath Morning.

THOS. B. STEPHENSON, D. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweetly dawns the Sabbath morn-ing On the world so full of care ;
 2. 'Tis the day when man's Re-deem - er Rose tri - umph-ant o'er the grave;
 3. 'Tis the day whose rest and glad- ness Show what all my life should be;
 4. 'Tis the day whose calm, so ho - ly, Shadows forth the bet - ter rest,

Bidding man for - get his la - bor, Call-ing to the house of prayer.
 Sealing thus His work com-plet - ed, Tell-ing thus His power to save.
 Yielding all by faith to Je - sus, Find-ing Je - sus all to me.
 Where the crown- ed saints are sing - ing With their Lord, su - preme-ly blest.

Oh, sweet and strong, His saints a . mong, We sing to God our Sabbath song!
 Then loud and long, to Christ so strong, To save the lost we raise our song,
 Oh, how I long, in Christ made strong, To sing each day faith's Sabbath song!
 'Twill not be long till 'mid that throng We sing th'e-ter-nal Sabbath song,

Our Sab-bath song, Our Sab-bath song, We raise to Christ our Sab-bath song.
 Our Sab-bath song, Our Sab-bath song, We raise to Christ our Sab-bath song.
 Faith's Sabbath song, Faith's Sabbath song, I'd sing each day faith's Sabbath song.
 Heav'n's Sabbath song, Heav'n's Sabbath song, We'll sing th'e-ter - nal Sabbath song.

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35.

Sweet Sabbath Bells.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

From A. RANDEGGER.

O sweet Sab-bath bells! A mes-sage of mu - sic - al chim - ing Ye

bring us from God, and we know what you say. Now ris - ing, now fall - ing, So

tune - ful - ly call - ing His chil - dren to seek Him and praise Him to - day.

CHORUS.

No sound up - on the list - 'ning ear In sweet - er ca - dence

Sweet Sabbath Bells.—Concluded.

swells, Or is to wea-ry hearts more dear, Than the sound of Sab-bath

bells, Sweet Sab - bath bells, The sound of the Sab - bath bells.

36. Blest Day of God! Most Bright.

Rev. JOHN MASON.

W. GARDINER.

1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, and best of days;
 2. My Sav - iour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise,
 3. The first - fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind;
 4. This day I must with God ap - pear; For, Lord, the day is Thine;

The lab - 'rer's rest, the saints' de - light, The day of pray'r and praise.
 And made thee heav - 'nly and di - vine Be - yond all oth - er days.
 And they the day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.
 Help me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine.

37.

Chime On.

Adapted.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. We leave the world of care, To greet one day in seven; To join in praise and
 2. We leave our books and play, To read that Book Di - vine; 'Tis there we learn the
 3. We leave our earth - ly home, To seek that blest a - bode, Where lov'd companions

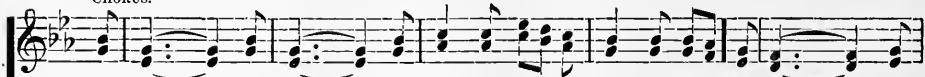


pray'r, And learn the way to heav'n; The Sab - bath bells in -
 way To joys that ne'er de - cline; The mu - sic of the
 come To lift their hearts to God; O hear..... with joy the
 O hear with joy



vite..... us all, Faint em - blem of God's ho - ly call.
 in - vite us all, Faint em - blem, &c.
 Sab - bath bells, How sweet - ly on the ear it swells
 the Sab - bath bells, How sweet - ly, &c.
 sound..... that tells The mu - sic of those Sab - bath bells.
 the sound that tells The mu - sic, &c.

CHORUS.



Chime on, chime on, Chime on, sweet bells, your cheerful ring Shall tune our



Chime on, chime on,

Shall tune our lips, shall



lips God's praise to sing; Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.



tune our lips

Chime on, sweet bells, sweet bells,

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Chime On.—Concluded.

Chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime

Chime on,..... chime on,.....

The first system of musical notation for 'Chime On.—Concluded.' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with lyrics: 'Chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime'. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment. Below the staves, the lyrics 'Chime on,..... chime on,.....' are written with dotted lines indicating continuation.

on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The top staff (treble clef) and bottom staff (bass clef) continue the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on.' The system concludes with a double bar line.

38.

The Sabbath Chime.

F. A. BENSON.

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. Bright and bless-ed morning, How I love thy-dawning, Hark! the sounding bells;
2. Wea - ry wand'rer weeping, God, the Fa-ther seeking, Hith-er, hith-er come;
3. While the tones are pealing, In the tem-ple kneeling, Join the Sab-bath chime.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Sabbath Chime.' is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a time signature of 4/8. It contains a melody with lyrics: '1. Bright and bless-ed morning, How I love thy-dawning, Hark! the sounding bells; 2. Wea - ry wand'rer weeping, God, the Fa-ther seeking, Hith-er, hith-er come; 3. While the tones are pealing, In the tem-ple kneeling, Join the Sab-bath chime.' The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Deep tones, is the call - ing, On the ear 'tis fall - ing, Love and peace it tells.
O'er the heart is steal - ing, Love's-de-vot-ed feel - ing, To the heav'nly One.
Em - blem to us giv - en, Of the voice of heav - en, Mel - o - dy di - vine.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The top staff (treble clef) and bottom staff (bass clef) continue the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Deep tones, is the call - ing, On the ear 'tis fall - ing, Love and peace it tells. O'er the heart is steal - ing, Love's-de-vot-ed feel - ing, To the heav'nly One. Em - blem to us giv - en, Of the voice of heav - en, Mel - o - dy di - vine.' The system concludes with a double bar line.

Lord's Day.

39.

O God, the Rock of Ages.

E. BICKERSTETH.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been, What time the tem - pest
2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie, Or grass - es in the

D. S. — *end - less gen - er -*
D. S. — *un - re - main - ing*

FIN.

rag - es, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene: Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions,
mead - ows That blos - som but to die: A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry,
a - tions, The Ev - er - last - ing Thou!
glo - ry Of things that soon are old.

D. S.

3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed!

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40.

Father of Mercies.

P. DODDRIDGE.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies! send Thy grace, All power - ful from a - bove,
2. Oh, may our sym - pa - thiz - ing breasts The gener - ous pleas - ure know,
3. On wings of love the Sav - iour flew, To raise us from the ground,

God the Father.

Father of Mercies.—Concluded.

To form, in our o - be - diant souls, The im - age of Thy love.
 Kind - ly to share in oth - er's joy, And weep for oth - ers' woe!
 And make the rich - ness of His blood A balm for ev - 'ry wound.

41. Angel Voices ever Singing.

FRANCIS POTT.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light—
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
 3. Here, Great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - worth - i - ly,

Thous - ands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
 Can we feel that Thou art near us And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voi - ces, In our choic - est mel - o - dy.

42.

"God is Love."

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

J. E. TROWBRIDGE.

Moderato.

1. "God is love," that an - them old - en, Sing the glo - rious orbs of light,
 2. And the teem - ing earth re - joi - ces In that mes - sage from a - bove,
 3. Thro' these an - them of cre - a - tion, Struggling up with gen - tle strife,
 4. Up to Him let each af - fee - tion, Dai - ly rise and round Him move:

In their lan - guage glad and gold - en, Tell - ing to us day and night,
 With ten thous - and thous - and voi - ces, Tell - ing back from hill and grove,
 Chris - tian songs of Christ's sal - va - tion, To the world with blessings rife,
 Our whole life's one res - sur - rec - tion, To the life of life a - bove;

Their great sto - ry, bless - ed sto - ry, God is love, and God is might!
 Her glad sto - ry, glo - rious sto - ry, God is might, and God is love!
 Tell their sto - ry, pre - cious sto - ry, God is love, and God is life!
 Our glad sto - ry won - drous sto - ry, God is life, and God is love!

accel. *rit.* *f*

Their great sto - ry, bless - ed sto - ry, God is love, and God is might!
 Her glad sto - ry, glo - rious sto - ry, God is might, and God is love!
 Tell their sto - ry, pre - cious sto - ry, God is love, and God is life!
 Our glad sto - ry, wondrous sto - ry, God is life, and God is love.

43.

I Cannot Always Trace the Way.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I can not al ways trace the way, Where Thou, al might y
 2. When fear her chill ing man tle flings O'er earth, my soul to
 3. When mys t'ry clouds my dark ened path, I'll check my dread, my
 4. Oh, may this truth my heart em ploy, Bid ev 'ry gloom y

One, dost move, But I can al ways, al ways say, That God is love.
 heav'n a bove, As to her native home, up springs; For God is love.
 doubts re prove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, That God is love.
 thought re move, And turn all tears, all woes to joy,—Thou, God art Love!

44.

- 1 Dear Saviour, while on earth I stray,
 Be Thou my Shepherd, Thou my way;
 And to the everlasting day,
 Abide with me!
- 2 In sickness, sorrow, anguish, woe,
 In tribulation here below,
 At home, abroad, where'er I go,
 Abide with me!
- 3 Be with me through the hours of night,
 Be Thou my everlasting flight,
 In leading me to mansions bright,
 Abide with me!
- 4 When wearied by fatigue, I sleep,
 My soul, in mercy, Jesus, keep;
 To guide and guard Thy helpless sheep,
 Abide with me!
- 5 And when on earth I breathe no more,
 I'll praise Thee on the heavenly shore,
 Then, Lord, Thou wilt for evermore
 Abide with me!

God the Father.

45.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done!"
- 2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
 Let me be still and murmur not,
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 "Thy will be done!"
- 3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
 With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
 "Thy will be done!"
- 4 Renew my will from day to day;
 Blend it with Thine, and take away
 All that now makes it hard to say
 "Thy will be done!"
- 5 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,
 "Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

46.

Good Christian Men, Rejoice.

Rev. J. M. NEALE.

German.

mf

1. Good Christian men, re-joyce With heart, and soul, and voice; Give ye heed to
 2. Good Christian men, re joyce With heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye hear of
 3. Good Christian men, re-joyce With heart, and soul, and voice; Now ye need not

fz fz

what we say: News! News! Je- sus Christ is born to-day! Ox and ass be-fore Him bow,
 end- less bliss: Joy! Joy! Je- sus Christ was born for this, He hath op'e'd the heav- 'nly door,
 fear the grave: Peace! Peace! Je- sus Christ was born to save! Calls you one and calls you all,

ff

And He is in the man-ger now, Christ is born to - day! Christ is born to- day!
 And man is bless-ed ev - er more, Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!
 To gain His ev - er- last- ing hall: Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

47.

Blessed Night.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

J. W. SIDEBOTHAM.

1. Bless-ed night, when Bethlehem's plain Echoed with the joy- ful strain, "Peace has come to earth a- gain."
 2. Bless- ed hills that heard the song Of the glo- rious an- gel throng Swel- ling all your slopes a- long. } *Allelu- ia!*
 3. Hap- py shepherds, on whose ear, Fell the ti- dings glad and clear, "God to man is drawing near."

Blessed Night.—Concluded.

4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,—
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

5 Entering by the narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor.
Alleluia

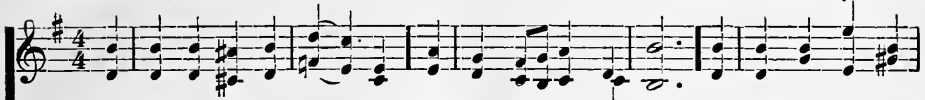
6 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing;
Our best offering to Thee bring.
Alleluia!

7 Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy kingdom cease!
Alleluia!

48. O little Town of Bethlehem.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D.

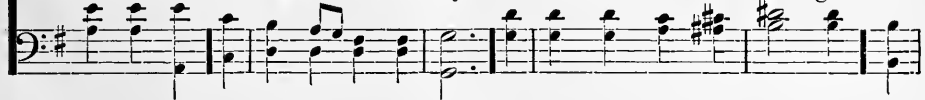
LEWIS H. REDNER, by per.



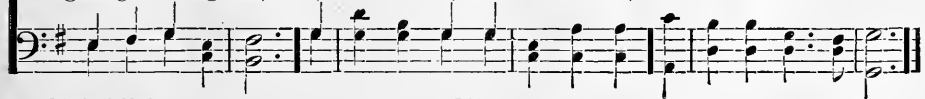
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - lehem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - er'd all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is given! So God im - parts to
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - lehem, De - scend to us we pray; Cast out our sin and



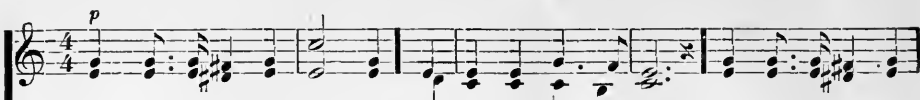
dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love. O morn - ing stars! to - geth - er Pro -
hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
en - ter in.—Be born in us to - day! We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The



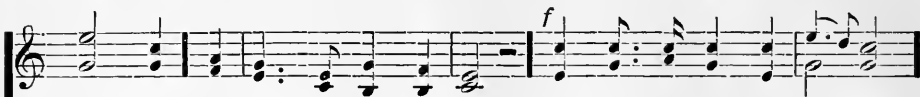
ev - er - lasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night!
claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.
great glad tidings tell,—Oh, come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!



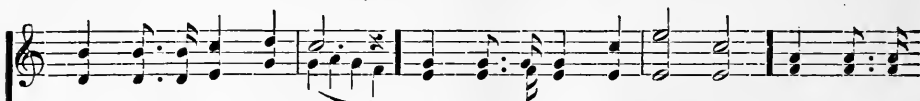
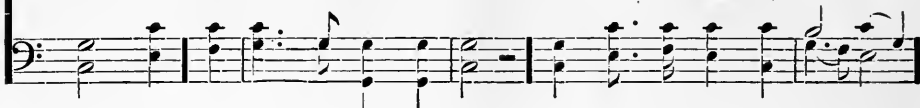
Softly the Night is Sleeping.



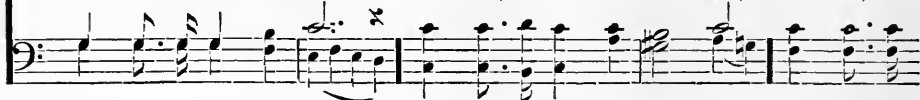
1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing, On Beth - le - hem's peaceful hill; Si - lent the shepherds
 2. Come with the glad - some shepherds Quick hast'ning from the fold; Come with the wise men
 3. Wave ye the wreath un - fade - ing, The fir - tree and the pine, Green from the snows of



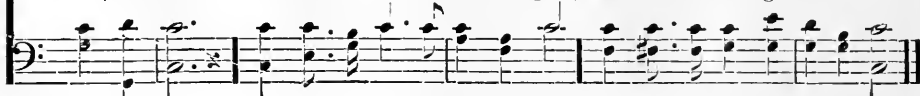
watch - ing, The gen - tle flocks are still; But hark! the won - drous mu - sic
 bring - ing, In - cense, and myrrh, and gold; Come to Him, poor and low - ly,
 win - ter, To deck the ho - ly shrine; Bring ye the hap - py chil - dren!



Falls from the op'n - ing sky; Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o, Glo - ry to
 A - round the cra - dle throng; Come with your hearts of sun - shine, And sing the
 For this is Christmas morn: Je - sus, the sin - less In - fant, Je - sus, the



God on high! Glo - ry to God! it rings a - gain, Peace on the earth! goodwill to men.
 an - gels' song. Glo - ry to God! tell out a - gain, Peace on the earth! goodwill to men.
 Lord, is born. Glo - ry to God! to God a - gain, Peace on the earth! goodwill to men.



50.

Hark, what Mean those Holy Voices.

JOHN CAWOOD.

1. Hark, what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet-ly sound - ing thro' the skies;

1. Hark, what mean those ho-ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies;

Lo, th'an-gel - - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.

Lo th'an-gel-ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise.

Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of

Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of

joy: Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high.

2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as a man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Birth of Christ.

3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high.
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

51.

The Voice of the Christ-Child.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

DAVENANT.

Andantino.

1. The earth has grown old with its bur - den 'of care But at Christ-mas it
3. On the sad and the lone - ly the wretch-ed and poor, That voice of the

al - ways is young; And the soul of its mu-sic breaks forth on the air; When the
Christ-child shall fall; And to ev - 'ry blind wan-der-er o-pens the door. With a

song of the an - gels is sung. 2. It is com-ing old earth, it is com-ing to-night,
sunshine and welcome for all. 4. The feet of the humblest may walk in the field,

On the snowflakes which cov-er thy sod, And the voice of the Christ-child tells
Where the feet of the ho - liest have trod, And this is the mar - vel to

The Voice of the Christ-Child.—Concluded.

out with de - light; That man-kind are the chil - dren of God.
mor - tals re - veal'd, That man-kind are the chil - dren of God.

52.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How sweet is the Bible! how pure is the light
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines soft through the gloom
of the night,
Of jewels a wonderful mine.
'Tis bread for the hungry, 'tis food for the
poor,
A balm for the wretched and sad,—
'Tis the gift of a Father—His likeness is there,
And the hearts of His children are glad.</p> | <p>2 Oh teach me, blest Jesus, to seek for Thy face,
To me let Thy welcome be given,
Now speak to my heart some kind message
of grace,
And words that shall guide me to heaven.
How sweet is the Bible! how pure is the light
That streams from its pages divine!
'Tis a star that shines soft through the gloom
of the night,
Of jewels a wonderful mine.</p> |
|--|--|

53. Christ the Lord Comes Down To-night.

ALICE BROTHERTON.

HUBERT P. MAIN

1. Christ the Lord comes down to - night: Leaves His an - gels cloth'd in white,
2. Ev - 'ry blow and ev - 'ry frown, Sets a sharp thorn in His crown:
3. Do some lit - tle deed to - day That shall cheer His wea - ry way;
4. "Peace on earth, good - will to men," An - gels chant the strain a - gain,

Tak - ing up His Cross a - gain Walks in haunts of sin - ful men.
For each deed of Char - i - ty, A new star there - in shall be.
Say some kind word, breathe a pray'r, Help Him thus that Cross to bear!
In the song all souls u - nite: Christ the Lord comes down to - night.

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54.

To us a Child of Hope.

JOHN MORRISON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For evermore adored; The Wonderful, the Counselor,
 3. His pow'r, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard His throne above,

Him all the hosts of heav'n, Him all the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 The great and mighty Lord, The Wonder-ful the Counsel - or, The great and mighty Lord.
 And peace abound be-low, Justice shall guard His throne above, And peace abound below.

55.

There came a Little Child to Earth.

EMILY S. ELLIOTT.

JAMES S. TYLER.

1. There came a lit-tle Child to earth Long a - go; And the an-gels of God pro-
 2. Out on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard; For they knew that the Child on
 3. Far a-way in a good-ly land, Fair and bright, Children with crowns of
 4. In white more pure than spotless snow; Their tongues unite In the psalm which the angels

5 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair,
 A Child was born;
 And that they might a crown of glory wear,
 Wore a crown of thorn.
 claim'd His birth, High and low.
 Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
 glo - ry stand Rob'd in white;
 sang long a - go, On Christmas night.
 6 And for evermore, in their robes most fair
 And undefiled,
 Those ransomed children His praise declare,
 Who was once a child.

Birth of Christ.

Ring, O ye Merry Bells.

MARGARET S. HAYCRAFT.

H. ERNEST NICHOL.

f

Ring, O ye mer-ry bells! Be-neath the star-ry sky; So sweet-ly chime of Christmas-time, So sweet-ly chime of

FINE.

Christmas-time, Pro-claim the Yule is nigh!

1. Let ev-'ry heart be glad; This hap-py Christmas-tide
2. Thro' years long past and gone, Still to our listening souls
3. All glo-ry be to God! Oh, chant from shore to shore;

Shall lift a-way the shad-ows sad, And bless the wea-ry-eyed. Tell of the Sa-viour's birth!
 The an-gel-an-them ech-oes on, And down all a-ges rolls. Now Christ-mas shines a-round,
 To Him our earth-ly road who trod Be prais-es ev-er-more. On earth be peace for aye,

D. C. al FINE.

Hegives His peo-ple rest; The King of love comes down to earth, All hail! most ho-ly Guest!
 O earth, take up the strain! Let ev-'ry voice the song re-sonnd That woke Ju-de-ab's plain.
 For-give-ness and good-will; Let char-i-ty a-down life's way Like heavenly dews dis-til.

57.

Memories of Galilee.

ROBER. MORRIS, L.L.D.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove,..... and sighing bough,..... That makes the eye..... so blest to
2. Each flowing glen..... and mossy dell,..... Where happy birds..... in song a -
3. And when I read..... the thrilling love..... Of Him who walk'd up-on the

Each cooing dove, Each flowing glen And when I read	and sighing bough, and mossy dell, the thrilling love	That makes the eye Where happy birds Of Him who walk'd
---	---	--

me..... Has something far.....	di - vi - ner now,.....	It bears me
gree,..... Thro' sunny morn.....	the praises tell.....	Of sights and
sea,..... I long, oh, how.....	I long once more.....	To fol - low

so blest to me, in song a-gree, up-on the sea,	Has something far Thro' sunny morn I long, oh, how	di - vi - ner now, the praises tell. I long once more
--	--	---

back..... to Gal-i - lee.....	} O, Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, where Jesus lov'd so
sounds..... in Gal-i - lee.....	
Him..... in Gla-i - lee.....	

It bears me back Of sights and sounds To follow Him	to Gal-i-lee. in Gal-i-lee. in Gal-i-lee.
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Memories of Galilee.—Concluded.



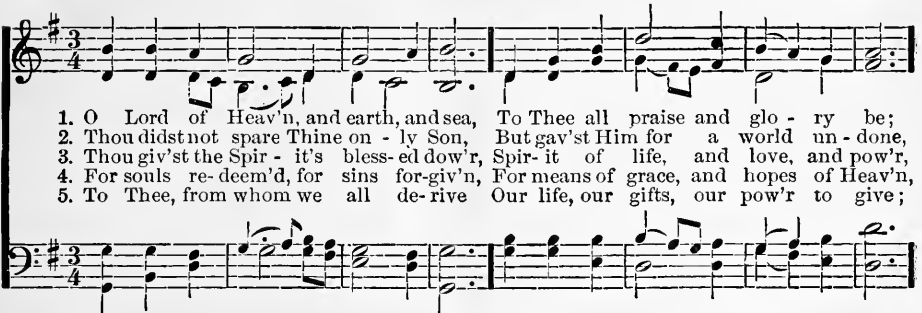
much to be; O, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Coming thy song a - gain to me.

58.

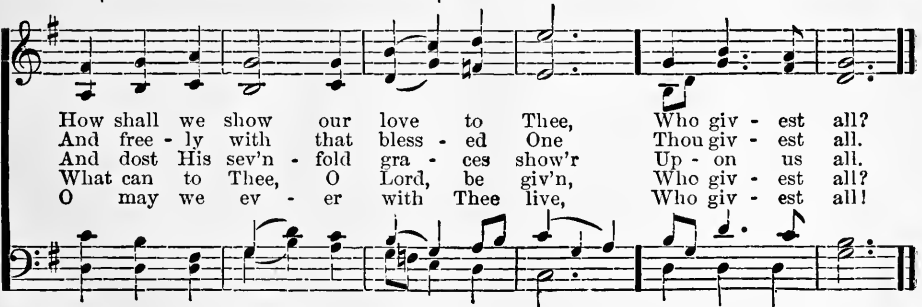
GEO. RAWSON.

Who Givest All.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. O Lord of Heav'n, and earth, and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
2. Thou didst not spare Thine on - ly Son, But gav'st Him for a world un - done,
3. Thou giv'st the Spir - it's bless - ed dow'r, Spir - it of life, and love, and pow'r,
4. For souls re - deem'd, for sins for - giv'n, For means of grace, and hopes of Heav'n,
5. To Thee, from whom we all de - rive Our life, our gifts, our pow'r to give;



How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
 And free - ly with that bless - ed One Thou giv - est all.
 And dost His sev'n - fold gra - ces show'r Up - on us all.
 What can to Thee, O Lord, be giv'n, Who giv - est all?
 O may we ev - er with Thee live, Who giv - est all!

59.

- 1 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
 We keep the memory adored,
 And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until He come.
- 2 His body broken in our stead
 Is here, in this memorial bread;
 And so our feeble love is fed,
 Until He come.

- 3 His fearful drops of agony,
 His life-blood shed for us we see
 The wine shall tell the mystery,
 Until He come.
- 4 Oh, bless'd hope! with this elate,
 Let not our hopes be desolate,
 But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until He come.

Life of Christ.

60.

Sunshine in the Soul.

ELIZA E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright,
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
 4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love;

Tha n glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
 sun - shine in my soul, bless - ed sun - shine in my soul,

When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
 hap - py mo - ments roll;

Sunshine in the Soul.—Concluded.

When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in my soul.

61. Thy Ways are Beautiful.

LISA A. FLETCHER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thy ways are beau - ti - ful, Thy paths are peace, My God and King!
 2. Thy love is sweet, and fills My emp - ty soul, My Lord and Light!
 3. Thy pres - ence is the Star Which leads the way, My Sav - iour dear!

For oft Thou bidd'st the rag - ing tu - mult cease,
 I will not fear tho' seas of sor - row roll—
 E'en tho' I see one on - ly glim - m'ring ray—

Thou bidd'st the rag - ing tu - mult cease, And faith to sing.
 Not fear tho' seas of sor - row roll, Nor shrink from night,
 E'en tho' one on - ly glim - m'ring ray, I know thou'rt near.

62.

Resting from His Work To-day.

T. W. WHYTEHEAD.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Rest - ing from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;
 2. Late at e - ven there was seen, Watching long the Mag - da - lene;
 3. So with Thee, till life shall end, I would sol - emn vig - il spend;
 4. Myrrh and spi - ces will I bring, True af - fec - tion's of - fer - ing;

Still He slept, from head to feet Shrouded in the wind - ing - sheet,
 Ear - ly, ere the break of day, Sor - row - ful she took her way,
 Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine In this rock - y heart of mine,
 Close the door from sight and sound Of the bus - y world a - round;

Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone.
 To the ho - ly gar - den glade, Where her bur - ied Lord was laid.
 Where in pure em - balm - ed cell None but Thou may ev - er dwell.
 And in pa - tient watch re - main Till my Lord ap - pear a - gain.

63.

The Strife is O'er.

Tr. by Rev. R. C. SINGLETON.

G. P. DA PALESTRINA.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
 2. The three sad days are quick - ly sped, He ris - es glo - rious from the dead;
 3. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from Heav'n's high por - tals fell;

Resurrection of Christ.

The Strife is O'er.—Concluded.

The song of tri-umph has be-gun; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Let hymns of praise His tri - umphs tell. Hal - le - lu - jah!

64. Come, ye Faithful, Raise the Strain.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, tr.

GEO. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness! God hath brought His
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ hath burst His pris-on, And from three days'
 3. Now the queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor, With the roy-al

Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,—Loos'd from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke
 sleep in death, As the sun hath ris - en. All the win - ter of our sins,
 feast of feasts, Comes its joys to ren - der; Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem,

Ja-cob's sons and daughters,—Led them with unmoisten'd feet Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.
 Long and dark, is fly - ing From His light to whom we give Laud and praise un-dy-ing.
 Which, with true af-fec - tion, Welcomes in unweared strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.

65.

Sound the High Praises of Jesus.

J. C. RYLE.

C. AVISON.

1. Sound the high praises of Je-sus our King; . . . He came and He conquer'd, His victo-ry
 2. Praise to the Conqueror! praise to the Lord! The en - e-my quail'd at the might of His

sing; Sing, for the pow'r of the ty - rant is bro - ken, The triumph's complete over
 word: In heav'n He ascends and un - folds the glad sto - ry The hosts of the bless - ed ex -

death and the grave; Vain is their boasting, Je - ho - vah hath spoken, And Je - sus pro -
 ult in His fame; In love He looks down from the throne of His glory, And rescues the

REFRAIN.

claim'd Himself mighty to save. } Sound the high praises of Jesus our King; . . . He
 ru - in'd who trust in His name. }

Org.

Sound the High Praises of Jesus.—Concluded.

came and He conquer'd, His vic-to-ry sing, His vic-to-ry sing, His vic-to-ry sing!

66.

Resurrection Song.

C. F. HERNAMAN,
Not fast.

THE QUESTION.

A. REDHEAD.

1. Ear-ly, with blush of dawn, Speeding away, Shrouded in morning robes, Say, who are they?
2. See, in their hands they bear Spices most sweet: Whom are they hastening Ear-ly to greet?

THE ANSWER.

Not fast.

These are the Ma-ries three; Jesus they seek, Who to the Cross was nail'd Gentle and meek.

THE QUESTION.

Whose is that garden-fold,
Eager they seek,
Why that stone rolled away,
Baffling the weak?

THE ANSWER.

This is the garden-fold,
Wherein they laid,
Loving, His lifeless form,
Bold, yet not afraid.

THE QUESTION.

Why are they pausing now,
Close by the cave?
Whom are they seeking for
In the dark grave?

THE ANSWER.

1 Trembling, they now behold
Where He had lain,
Clothed in shining robes,
Bright angels twain.

2 Hark! they are speaking now—
“Fear not,” they say;
“Whom you are seeking here
Is risen to-day!”

By two Classes, or the School in two Divisions.

Resurrection of Christ.

67.

Golden Harps are Sounding.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gels voi - ces ring, Pear - ly gates are o - pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with gladness
 3. Pray - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,

O - pened for the King. Christ the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
 At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die,
 Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you;

REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.
 Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. } All His work is end - ed,
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too. }

Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

Shine on, O Star!

VICTORIA STUART.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a - bove;
 2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee;
 3. Shine on, O Star un - chang - ing, And guide our pil - grim way,
 4. And when, with Thy re - deem'd ones, We reach the heav - 'nly shore,

Re - flect - ing in Thy bright - ness, Our Fa - ther's look of love.
 Be - yond the clouds that gath - er, Thy ra - diant light we see.
 Un - til we see the dawn - ing Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
 May we with Thee in glo - ry Shine on for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

shine on,

Star,

Shine on, . . . shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beau - ti - ful Star, shine on;
 Shine on, shine on, shine on, shine on;

shine on,

beau - ti - ful Star

Shine on, . . . shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beau - ti - ful Star, shine on.
 Shine on, shine on, rit.

69. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

Rev. J. NEWTON.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It soothes his sorrows,
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the
 3. Dear Name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding place, My nev - er - fail - ing

CHORUS.

heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
 huu - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest. } "Sweetest notes in se - raph's song.
 treas - ure, filled With boundless stores of grace.

pp rit

Sweetest Name on mortal tongue, Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus!"

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought,
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath,
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

70. Sing of Jesus, Sing Forever.

THOMAS KELLY.

German Melody.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er. Of the love that changes never. Who or what from
 2. With His blood the Lord has bought them; When they knew Him not, He sought them, And from all their

Sing of Jesus, Sing Forever.—Concluded.

Him can sev - er Those He makes His own.
wand' ring brought them; His the praise a - lone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven He feeds them,
And thro' all the way He speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought
them,
Him who by His spirit taught them,
Him they serve and love.

71. Light of the World, We Hail Thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

V. BELLINI.

1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flushing the east-ern skies; Nev-er shall darkness
2. Light of the world, Thy beauty Steals in - to ev - ry heart, And glo - ri-fies with
3. Light of the world, be-fore Thee We would in homage fall; We wor-ship, we a -
4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This darken'd world of Thine, Till everthing that's

CHO.—*Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flushing the east-ern skies; Nev-er shall dark-ness*

FINE.

veil Thee A - gain from hu-man eyes. Too long, alas, with-holden, Now spread from
du - ty Life's poor - est, humblest part; Thou rob - est in thy splendor The sim - ple
dore Thee, Thou Light, the life of all; With Thee is no for - get - ting Of all Thine
hu - man Be filled with what's divine; Till ev'ry tongue and nation, From sin's do-

veil Thee A - gain from hu-man eyes.

D. C.

shore to shore; Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth on more.
ways of men, And help - est them to ren - der Light back to thee a - gain.
hand hath made; Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting. Thy sun - shine hath no shade.
min - ion free, Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from Love and Thee.

Adoration of Christ.

JOHN HENLEY.

English Melody.

1. Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of Je - sus' name;
 2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalm - ist said,
 3. We are taught to love the Lord; We are taught to read His word;
 4. Par - ents, teach - ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song:

Chil - dren too of mod - ern days, Join to sing the Sav - iour's praise.
 Babes and suck - lings' art - less lays, Shall pro - claim the Sav - iour's praise.
 We are taught the way to heaven: Praise for all to God be given!
 High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas reach the skies.

CHORUS.

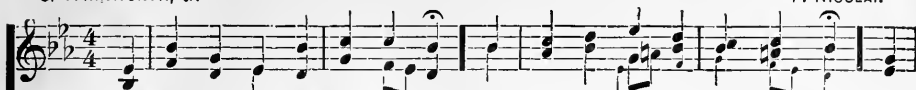
Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voic - es sing, Hark! hark! hark! while in - fant voices sing

Loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas, loud ho - san - nas to our King.

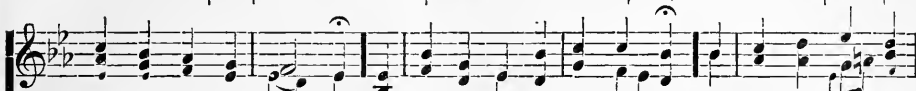
O Morning Star!

C. WINKWORTH, tr.

P. NICOLAI.



1. O Morn-ing Star! how fair and bright Thou beam-est forth in trust and light! O
2. Thou heav'nly Brightness! Light Divine! O deep with - in my heart now shine, And
3. But if Thou look on me in love, There straight-ways falls from God a-bove A
4. Here will I rest, and hold it fast, The Lord I love is first and last. The



Sov-'reign meek and low - ly, Thou Root of Jes - se, David's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom,
make Thee there an al - tar! Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy member, ev - er
ray of pur - est pleas - ure; Thy word and spirit, flesh and blood, Refresh my soul with
end as the be - gin - ning! Here I can calm-ly die, for Thou Wilt raise me where Thou



Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee sole - ly! Ho - ly art Thou, fair and glorious,
join'd to Thee In love that can - not fal - ter; Tow'rd Thee longing doth possess me,
heav-enly food, Thou art my hid - den treas - ure; Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
dwell-est now, A - bove all tears, all sin - ning: A - men! A - men! come, Lord Jesus,



All vic - to - rious, rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing.
Turn and bless me; for Thy glad - ness Eye and heart here pine in sad - ness.
O draw near me; Thou hast taught us Thee to seek since Thou hast sought us!
Soon re - lease us, with deep yearn - ing, Lord we look for Thy re - turn - ing!



Spirit of Love Divine.

J. BARNBY.

mf

1. Ho - ly Ghost, Com - fort - er, Spir - it of love di - vine, Come dwell
 2. Help and bless with Thy peace All who in sor - row mourn, Save, save

in our hearts, Make them for - ev - er Thine. Hear us while now we
 by Thy love All those by sin cast down. And when o'er-whelm'd by

f *ritard.* *ff*

seek Thy grace, Show us the bright-ness of Thy face, Make us to know Thy
 temptation's pow'r, Then be Thou near in dark-est hour Suf - fer us not to

p *pp*

will. By Thy mer - cy free, While we pray to Thee, Hear! (oh, hear!)
 fall, Strong de - liv'rance bring, O Thou gracious King, Hear! (oh, hear!)

75.

O Spirit of the Living God.

JANE E. BROWNE.

S. S. WESLEY.

1. O Spir-it of the liv - ing God, Brooding with dove-like wings O - ver the helpless
2. Where should our feebleness find strength, Our helplessness a stay, Didst Thou not bring us

and the weak A-mong cre-a - ted things!
strength, and help, And comfort, day by day?

3 Great are Thy consolations, Lord,
And mighty is Thy power,
In sickness and in solitude,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

4 O, if the souls that now despise
And grieve Thee, heavenly Dove,
Would seek Thee, and would welcome
Thee,
How would they prize Thy love!

76.

Come, Holy Ghost, in Love

Tr. by RAY PALMER, D. D.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray! Di-vine-ly
2. Come, tend'rest friend, and best, Our most delightful guest, With soothing pow'r; Rest, which the
3. Come, light se-rene, and still Our in-most bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast: We know no
4. Come, all the faithful bless; Let all, who Christ confess, His praise employ: Give virtue's

good Thou art; Thy sa - cred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: Oh, come to - day!
wea - ry know, Shade, 'mid the noontide glow, Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, Cheer us this hour!
dawn but Thine; Send forth Thy beams divine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest!
rich reward; Vic - to - rious death accord, And, with our glorious Lord, E - ter - nal joy!

Holy Spirit.

THOS. MACKELLAR.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry, Gift of God to age and youth,
 2. Book of love! in ac - cents ten - der Speak - ing un - to such as we;
 3. Book of peace! when nights of sor - row Fall up - on us drear - i - ly,
 4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare - well to friends we love,

Won - drous is Thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright, with truth.
 May it lead us, Lord, to ren - der All, all to Thee.
 Thou wilt bring a shin - ing mor - row, Full, full of Thee.
 Give us, for the life then clos - ing, Life, life a - bove.

Won - drous is Thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth.
 May it lead us, Lord, to ren - der All, all to Thee.
 Thou wilt bring a shin - ing mor - row, Full, full of Thee.
 Give us, for the life then clos - ing, Life, life a - bove.

78.

- 1 Star of peace, to wanderers weary,
 Bright the beams that smile on me,
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea,
- 2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.

- 3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to Thee;
 Save him, on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.
- 4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
 Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea.

Thy Word is a Lamp.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, Thy word is a light to my way ;
 2. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, And, trust-ing in Thee as my all ;
 3. Thy word is a lamp to my feet, O Lord, And O, when Thy glo - ry I see ;

It shines in my soul like a star by night, And com-forts and cheers me by day.
 What-ev - er of e - vil may cross my path, I nev - er, no, nev - er can fall.
 For all the rich bless-ings its truth has bro't, The praise will I give un- to Thee.

CHORUS.

O won - der-ful, won - der-ful word, My treas-ure, my hope, and my stay ;

Each prom - ise re - cord - ed shall stand as now, When time and the world pass a - way.

80.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves, Beside the sea.
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread, By Gal-i - lee;

Be - yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee. O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All!

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81.

The River of God.

WILLIAM HURN.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. There is a riv - er deep and broad, Its course no mor - tal knows, It fills with
2. Clear - er than crys - tal is the stream, And bright with endless day; The waves with
3. To them dis - tress - ed souls re - pair; The Lord in - vites them nigh. They leave their
4. Flow on sweet stream, more largely flow! The earth with glo - ry fill; Flow on till

joy the Church of God, And wid - ens as it flows, And wid - ens as it flows
ev - 'ry bless - ing teem, And life and health convey, And life and health convey.
cares and sor - rows there, They drink and nev - er die, They drink and never die.
all the Sav - iour know, And all o - bey His will, And all o - bey His will.

Scriptures.

60

82.

Thy Word is like a Deep Mine.

CHAS. F. ROPER.

1. Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine, And jew - els rich and rare,
 2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host, A thous - and rays of light
 3. Thy Word is like a glo - rious choir, And loud its an - thems ring,
 4. Thy Word is like an ar - mor - y, Wheresol - diers may re - pair,

Are hid - den in its might - y depths, For ev - 'ry search - er there.
 Are seen to guide the trav - el - er, And make His path - way bright.
 Though ma - ny tongues and parts u - nite, It is one song they sing.
 And find for life's long bat - tle - day, All need - ful weap - ons there.

83.

Lord, Thy Word Abideth.

Rev. H. W. BAKER.

W. BOYD.

1. Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth; Who its truth be -
 2. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be-fore us, Then its light di -

liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
 rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.

3 Word of mercy, giving
 Succor to the living;
 Word of life supplying
 Comfort to the dying!

4 Oh, that we, discerning
 Its most holy learning,
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,
 Evermore be near Thee!

84.

Hark! Hark! My Soul.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hark! hark! my soul: An- gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve-niug peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments

o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing,
 Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring-ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea: And lo - den souls by thousands meekly steal-ing,
 of the songs a - bove, Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus!
 Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.

An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night.

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Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh re-tur-n ye un-to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
 "Look un-to Me..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red
 He is of great
 "Look un-to Me

DUET.

QUARTET.

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re-tur-n ye un-to God! Oh, re-tur-n ye un-to God!
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

MARY S. B. DANA.
Espression.

Italian Air.

1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain, 'Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear - flow - ing fount - ain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will for - sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there!

f agitato.

Fly, for th'a - ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in

a tempo.

hear Thee, He on His bos - ou will bear thee; Oh,
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

Flee as a Bird.—Concluded.

rit.

thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
 Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

87.

Come home! Come home!

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

Slow, with expression.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Come home, come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been
 2. Come home, come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
 3. Come home, come home! From the sor - row and blame, From the sin and the
 4. Come home, come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome

dark, And so lone - ly and wild: O prod - i - gal child!
 gate, While the shad - ows are piled: O prod - i - gal child!
 shame, And the temp - ter that smiled: O prod - i - gal child!
 there, From the friends re - con - ciled: O prod - i - gal child!

Chorus, after last verse.

Come home, oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home!
 come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

Copyright, 1870 by W. H. Doane.

Invitation.

I Want to Be an Angel.

Miss SIDNEY P. GILL.

EDWARD L. WHITE.

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,
 2. I nev - er should be wea - ry, Nor ev - er shed a tear,
 3. I know I'm weak and sin - ful, But Je - sus will for - give,
 4. O, there I'll be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,

A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand;
 Nor ev - er know a sor - row, Nor ev - er know a fear;
 For ma - ny lit - tle chil - dren Have gone to heav'n to live;
 A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand;

There, right be - fore my Sav - iour, So glo - rious and so bright,
 But bless - ed, pure and Ho - ly, I'd dwell in Je - sus' sight,
 Dear Sav - iour, when I lan - guish, And lay me down to die,
 And there be - fore my Sav - iour, So glo - rious and so bright,

I'd wake the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise Him with de - light.
 And with ten thou - sand thou - sands I'd praise Him with de - light.
 O, send a shin - ing an - gel To bear me to the sky.
 I'll join the heav'n - ly mu - sic, And praise Him with de - light.

89.

Seeking For Me.

A. N.

E. E. HASTY, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to sor - row
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I wan - der a - far from the

and shame: Oh! it was won - der - ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me,
 set free; Oh! it was won - der - ful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me,
 the fold, Gen - tly and long He hath plead with with my soul, Calling for me, for me,

for me, for me,

Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me,
 Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me,
 Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me,

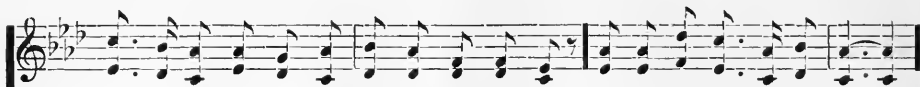
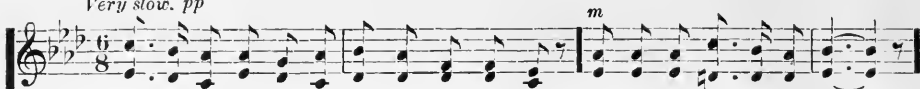
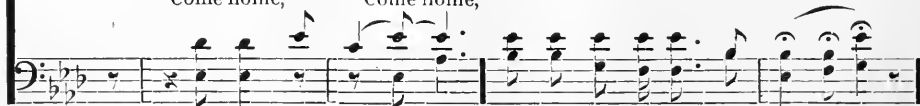
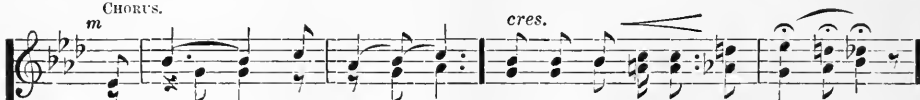
Oh! it was won - der - ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh! it was won - der - ful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.

90.

Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp*m* Chorus.

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91.

Come to Me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

A. RUBINSTEIN. Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

With expression.

1. With tear-ful eyes I look a- round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea; Yet midst the gloom I
 2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may flee: O, to the wea-ry,
 3. "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no rest- ing-place for thee; Hea-ward di-rect thy
 4. O voice of mer-ey, voice of love! In con- flict, grief and ag- o-ny Sup- port me, cheer me

hear a sound, A hear'n-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!" A hear'n-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!"
 faint, op-press'd, How sweet the bid-ding, "Come to Me!" How sweet the bid-ding, "Come to Me!"
 weep- ing eye; I am thy por- tion, "Come to Me!" I am thy por- tion, "Come to Me!"
 from a-bove, And gent-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!" And gent-ly whis-per, "Come to Me!"

Arr. Copyright, 1892, by Hubert P. Main.

92.

Come to Jesus! Come Away!

Anon.

Anon.

1. Come to Je-sus! come away! Forsake thy sins—oh, why de-lay? His arms are o-pen
 2. Come to Je-sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, "Come unto Me! I cast out none, I'll
 3. Come to Jesus! cling to Him; He'll keep thee far from paths of sin; Thou shalt at last the

night and day; He waits to welcome thee!
 par-don thee," Oh, thou shalt welcome be!
 vic-tory win, And He will welcome thee.

4 Come to Jesus! do not stand,
 The Father draws—'tis His command;
 And none shall pluck thee from His hand,
 No—that can never be!

5 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!
 Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
 But with my Saviour be at home;
 I know He'll welcome me!

Invitation.

SELINA S. GIBBS, 1863, ab.

THEO. F. SEWARD, by per.

1. Go, and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul; He'll ease thee of thy bur - den,
 2. Go, and tell Je - sus; when your sins a - rise Like mountains of deep guilt be -
 3. Go, and tell Je - sus, He'll dis - pel thy fears, Will calm thy doubts, and wipe a -

make thee whole; Look up to Him, He on - ly can for - give; Be - lieve on Him, and
 fore your eyes; His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave, That mer - cy, peace, and
 way thy tears, He'll take thee in His arms, and on His breast Thou may'st be hap - py,

CHORUS.

thou shalt sure - ly live.
 par - don you might have. } Go, and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give;
 and for ev - er rest

Go, and tell Je - sus, oh, turn to Him and live. Go, and tell Je - sus;

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Go, and tell Jesus.—Concluded.

Go, and tell Je - sus; Go, and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give.

94.

Oh, Enter In!

H. BONAR, D. D.
Tenderly.

H. HANKINSON.

1. Strait is the gate, my child; Oh, enter in! oh, enter in!
 2. Strait is the gate, my child; Oh, enter in! oh, enter in!
 3. Strait is the gate, my child; Oh, enter in! oh, enter in!
 4. Strait is the gate, my child; Oh, enter in! oh, enter in!

And nar - row is the way That leads to heav-'nly day; No more no
 Yet not too strait for thee; 'Tis o - pen, near, and free, God's gate of
 It is the gate of love, It leads to rest a - bove, Where sits the
 It is the gate of peace, The door of hope and bliss, Of life and

5 Strait is the gate, my child;
 Oh, enter in! oh, enter in!
 Not many find that gate;
 Then linger not, nor wait,
 It may be soon too late:
 Oh, enter in!
 6 Strait is the gate, my child;
 Oh, enter in! oh, enter in!
 The Father welcomes thee,
 The Saviour beckons thee,
 The Spirit pleads with thee,
 Oh, enter in!

Invitation.

95.

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.
DUET.

FULL CHORUS.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain;
 2. Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way;
 3. Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Je - sus pro - vides a rest:

Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Still He doth call to - day;
 Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest

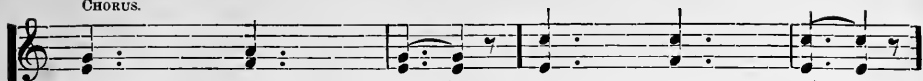
Au - gels with rapt - ure announce it, Shepherds with won - der re - ceive it;
 Call - ing from Cal - va - ry's mountain, Down from the crys - tal bright fountain
 Rest in those man - sions a - bove us. With those who've gone on before us,

Sin - ner, oh! wont you be - lieve it? Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.
 Sing - ing the rapt - ur - ous cho - rns, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.

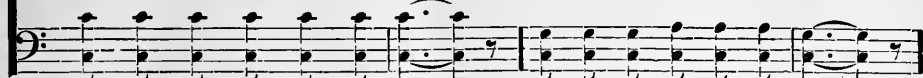
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Wonderful Story of Love.—Concluded.

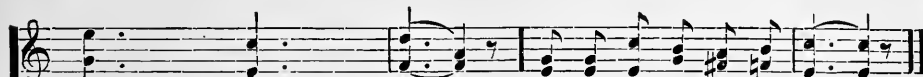
CHORUS.



Won - - der - - ful! Won - der - ful!



Won - der - ful sto - ry of love: Won - der - ful sto - ry of love:



Won - - der - - ful! Won - der - ful sto - ry of love!



Won - der - ful sto - ry of love:

96.

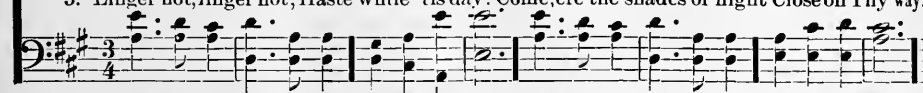
Come, Heavy-Laden One.

W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.



1. Come, heavy - la - den one, Sigh - ing for rest; Come, as a wea - ry bird Flies to her nest:
2. Come like the prod - i - gal: He will receive, He will for - give thee all; On - ly be - lieve.
3. Linger not, linger not; Haste while 'tis day: Come, ere the shades of night Close on Thy way.



D.C.—Hark: 'tis Thy Saviour's voice, Calling to Thee, "Come, heavy-la - den one, Come un - to Me."

D.C. for CHORUS.



"Now" the accepted time, "Now" is the day; Come to the mercy-seat—Why wilt Thou stay?
 Joy to the mourning heart He will restore; Turn from the path of sin, Wander no more.
 Life is a fleeting dream; Soon 'twill be o'er: Turn from its fading joys, Wander no more.



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97.

Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. GEO. B. PECK.
tenderly.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee, O wand'rer,
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee, O slave e -
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee, O burdened!
 4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee, O blind! a

eag - er - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 ter - nal - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 trust - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!
 vis - ion free; Come, come to Je - sus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O weary! blessedly;
 Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to carry thee,
 O lamb! so lovingly,
 Come, come to Jesus!

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98.

In the Silent Midnight Watches.

H. B. STOWE.

Rev. H. W. BAKER.

1. In the si - lent mid - night watch - es, List - thy bosom's door, How it knocketh,
 2. Say not 'tis thy pul - se's beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Sav - iour

knock - eth, knock - eth Ev - er - more!
 knocks, and cri - eth, "Let Me in!"

3 Oh, before you need to call on
 Christ to let you in,
 At the gate of heaven wailing
 For thy sin:

4 Hear Him knocking at thy heart,
 Open now the door;
 Bid the loving Saviour enter,
 Evermore.

Invitation.

7-1

J. MONTGOMERY.

J. C. ENGELBRECHT. alt.

1. O have you not heard of a beau-ti-ful stream That flows thro' our Father's land ?
 2. Its fountains are deep, and its wa-ters are pure, And sweet to the wea-ry soul;
 3. This beau-ti-ful stream in the Riv-er of Life, It flows for all na-tions free:
 4. O will you not drink of that beautiful stream, And dwell on its peaceful shore ?

Its wa-ters gleam bright in the heav-en-ly light, And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand.
 It flows from the throne of Je-ho-vah a-lope, Oh, come where the bright waves roll!
 A balm for each wound in its wa-ters is found, Oh, sin-ner, it flows for thee!
 The Spir-it says "Come, all ye wea-ry ones, home, And wan-der in sin no more!"

Chorus.

O, seek that beau-ti-ful stream, Oh, come to that beau-ti-ful stream:

Its wa-ters so free are flow-ing for thee; Come now to that beau-ti-ful stream.

Invitation.

100.

There Is a Better World.

JOHN LYTH, D. D.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. There is a bet - ter world, we know, Oh, so bright, oh, so
 2. And though we're sin - ners ev - 'ry one, Je - sus died, Je - sus
 3. Then, par - ents, sis - ters, bro - thers, come, Come a - way, come a -

bright! Where nev - er en - ter sin or woe, Oh, so
 died; And though for - lorn, con - demn'd, un - done, Je - sus
 way; 'Tis time to seek that hap - py home, Come a -

bright, oh, so bright! And mu - sic fills the balm - y
 died, Je - sus died: We may be cleans'd from ev - 'ry
 way, come a - way: Oh, lis - ten to that mu - sic

air, And an - gels bright and pure are there, And
 stain, We may be crown'd with peace a - gain, And
 sweet! It comes so rich from yon - der seat, Where

There is a Better World.—Concluded.

harp of gold, and man-sions fair, Oh, so bright, oh, so bright!
 in that land of pleas-ure reign: Je - sus died; Je - sus died.
 the re-deem'd in glo - ry meet; Come a - way, come a - way.

101.

1 By faith I view my Saviour dying,
 On the tree, on the tree;
 To every nation He is crying,
 "Look to me, look to me!"
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear,
 Hark! hark! what precious words I hear!
 "Mercy's free! mercy free!"

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
 Pity me, pity me?
 And did He snatch my soul from ruin?
 Can it be? can it be?
 Oh, yes! He did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 "Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes:
 Mercy's free! mercy's free!
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me:
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through the wilderness I move:
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love;
 Mercy's free! mercy's free!

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
 "Mercy's free! mercy's free!"
 And this shall be my theme when dying,
 "Mercy's free! mercy's free!"
 And when the vale of death I've passed,
 When lodged above the stormy blast,
 I'll sing while endless ages last,
 "Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

Richard Jukes.

102.

Loving Invitation.

J. COURTNAY.

1. { Lo, a lov - ing Friend is wait - ing, He is call - ing thee; (Omit.)
 { Lis - ten to His voice so ten - der, (Omit.) "Come to me."

2 "On the cross for Thee I suffered,
 Death I bore for Thee;
 Canst Thou still refuse My mercy?
 Trust in Me."

3 "Long hast thou been Satan's captive,
 I will set thee free;
 Then, rejoicing in thy freedom,
 Follow Me."

Invitation.

4 Many times has Jesus spoken,
 Now He speaks again;
 Shall thy Saviour's invitation
 Be in vain?

5 Soon that voice will cease its calling,
 Wilt thou still delay?
 Wait no longer; sin grows stronger,
 Yield to-day.

103.

Let the Good Angels Come In.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. They hov- er around us, bright angels are near, To glo- ry im- mor- tal they win;
 2. To com- fort the lone- ly, and strengthen the weak, Their mission of mer- cy and love;
 3. They whisper at morning, they whisper at eve, And O! in the si- lence of night

Then glad- ly we'll o- pen the door of our hearts, And let the good angels come in.
 And oft, on their beau- ti- ful pin- ions of light, They bear our pe- ti- tions a- love.
 They tell us of beauties that nev- er grow old; In re- gions of per- fect de- light.

How kind- ly our Fa- ther has sent them to keep A watch o'er His children be- low;
 O let them come in, they are ho- ly and pure, Their presence how tender- ly sweet;
 And when the dear Sav- iour shall call us to go, And dwell in His man- sion so fair,

They're with us in slum- ber, their eyes nev- er sleep, They're with us wherever we go.
 They ech- o the song of the hap- py and blest, They learn at Imman- u- el's feet.
 The wings of bright au- gels will bear us a- way, And car- ry us lov- ing- ly there.

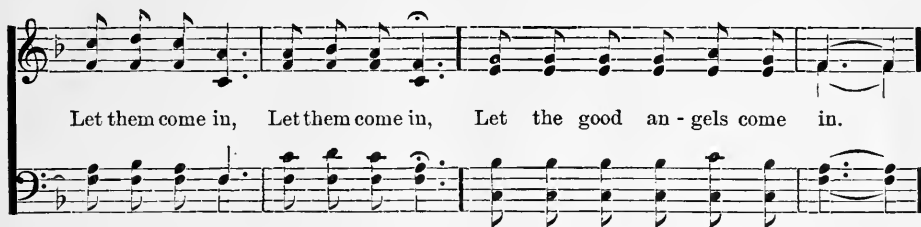
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Let the Good Angels Come In.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Let them come in, Let them come in, Let the good an-gels come in, come in;



Let them come in, Let them come in, Let the good an-gels come in.



Come in Come in Good an - - gels come in.

Then let the good an-gels come in, come in, Then let the good an-gels come in.

Softly.



Come in Come in Good an - - gels come in.

Then let the good an-gels come in, come in, Then let the good an-gels come in.

Invitation.

Miss MARIANNE NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be -
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how
 3. Bless - ed Je - sus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves! Give yourselves en -
 4. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Oh, how He loves! Backward shall your

yond a broth - er's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may
 much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre - cious
 tire - ly to Him, Oh, how He loves! Think no long - er
 foes be driv - en, Oh, how He loves! Best of bless - ings

fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
 blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness With His sought us;
 of the mor - row, From the past new cour - age bor - row,
 He'll pro - vide you, Nought but good shall e'er be - tide you,

But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
 To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
 Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, Oh, how He loves!
 Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, Oh, how He loves!

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105.

Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Lord, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere it pass for aye a-way, On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy tears of bitter woe,
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

5 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

2 These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd tree.

3 All is over—in the tomb
Sleeps He, 'mid its silent gloom,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

4 All is over—fought the fight;
Heaviness is for a night,
Joy comes with the morning light.

5 Leave we in the grave with Him
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

6 Glory to the Lord who gave,
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

W. S. Raymond

106.

1 Weeping as they go their way,
Their dear Lord in earth to lay,
Late at even—who are they?

6 Glory to the Lord who gave,
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

W. S. Raymond

107.

Heal me, O my Saviour, Heal.

GODFREY THRING.

W. H. MONK.

1. Heal me, O my Sav-iour, heal; Heal me, as I sup-pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par-don seal.
2. Fresh the wounds that sin hath made; Hear the pray'r I oft have pray'd, And in mer-cy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Penitence.

S1

108.

O, the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

Rev. THEO. MONOD.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Slowly.

1. O, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
 2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed - ing on the curs - ed tree,
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free,
 4. High - er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

When I let the Saviour's pit - y, Plead in vain, and proud - ly an - swer'd,
 Heard Him pray, "For - give them, Father," And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly—
 Sweet and strong, and ah! so pa - tient, Brought me low - er, while I whis - pered,
 Lord, Thy love at last hath con - quer'd: Grant me now my spir - it's long - ing—

p
 "All of self, and none of Thee, All of self, and none of Thee."
 "Some of self, and some of Thee, Some of self, and some of Thee."
 "Less of self, and more of Thee, Less of self, and more of Thee."
 "None of self, and all of Thee, None of self, and all of Thee."

109.

Jesus, Heed Me, Lost and Dying.

R. M. OFFORD.

W. F. SHERWIN, Alt, by per.

1. Je - sus, heed me, lost and dy - ing, Un - to Thee for shel - ter fly - ing,
 2. All my sin and sor - row feel - ing, Come I, as the lep - er, kneeling;

Jesus, Heed Me, Lost and Dying.—Concluded.

Hear, oh, hear, my heart's sore cry - ing; Heed me, or I die!
Come to Thee for help and heal - ing, Heal me, or I die!

- 3 Not my tears of deep contrition,
Can secure one sin's remission,
Helpless, hopeless my condition:
Help me, or I die!
- 4 By Thy cross, where hope is beaming,
By its crimson fountain streaming,
Flowing for the world's redeeming:
Cleanse me, or I die!
- 5 So my soul shall praise Thee ever,
For the love which changes never,
From which not e'en death can sever—
Saved no more to die.

110.

1. Sinner, to the Saviour clinging,
Trembling, trusting, hoping, singing,
Hark! again His voice is ringing:
Come, O come to Me.
- 2 Tarry not to count thy treasure;
He will deal it without measure
As thou doest His good pleasure—
Come, O come to Me.
- 3 Art thou faint? He stands beside thee;
He shall help thee, guard thee, guide thee:
In His shadow He shall hide thee—
Come, O come to Me.

Theo. Monod.

111.

Weary of Earth.

SAMUEL J. STONE.

J. LANGRAN.

1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry of that ho-ly land?
3. It is the voice of Je-sus that I hear, His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,

But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
Be-fore the whiteness of that throne appear? Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
And His the blood that can for all a - tone, And set me faultless there before the throne.

Penitence.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen-tle voice within calls a-way, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'erand o'er;
 2. He has promised all my sins to for-give, If I ask in sim-ple faith for His love;
 3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth, And be faithful to its cause till I die;
 4. Still the gen-tle voice within calls a-way, And its warning I have heard o'erand o'er;

But my heart is melt-ed now, I o-bey; From my Saviour I will wan-der no more.
 In His ho-ly word I learn how to live, And to la-bor for His king-dom a-bove.
 If with cheer-ful step I walk in the truth, I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.
 But my heart is melt-ed now, I o-bey; From my Saviour I will wan-der no more

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

113.

Cast Thy Burden on the Lord.

W. S. MCKENZIE, D. D.

Rev. F. M. LAMB.

1. Child of God when thou art wea - ry, And thy days are dark and
 2. When thy soul with fear is quak - ing, And thy heart with grief is
 3. Bowed art thou be - neath thy cross - es, Grieving sore - ly o'er thy
 4. God, thy God, this word hath spok - en, And His word can - not be

drea - ry, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord." He is ev - er - more be -
 break - ing, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord." When life's cares op - press and
 loss - es, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord." Check thy weep - ing; cease from
 brok - en, "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord." What a glo - rious proc - la -

side thee; His own hand will guard and guide thee; And no
 fret thee; Faith grows weak, and doubts be - set thee, Nev - er
 sor - row; Do not scan the com - ing mor - row; Do not
 ma - tion! What a gra - cious in - vi - ta - tion! What a

e - vil shall be - tide thee; "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
 will the Lord for - get thee: "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
 fu - ture tri - als bor - row: "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
 fount of con - so - la - tion! "Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."

C. B. J. ROOT.

S. C. WRIGHT.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet,
 2. He speaks, and by His word is giv'n His peace, a rich fore - taste of heav'n;
 3. I live, not I, thro' Him a - lone, By whom the might-y work is done;
 4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm sav'd thro' the E - ter - nal Son!

I trust in Him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied!
 Not as the world, He, peace doth give: 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
 Dead to my - self, a - live to Him, I count all loss His rest to win.
 Let all my pow'r & my soul em - ploy, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.

A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, oh, so won - drous sweet!
 A - bid - ing in Him, rest - ing in Him, oh, so won - drous sweet!

I'm rest - ing, rest - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.
 Resting in Him, resting in Him, — at the Sav - iour's feet.

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115.

O Eyes that are Weary.

Anon.

From DONIZETTI.

1. O eyes that are wea-ry, and hearts that are sore, Look up un-to Je-sus, now
2. While looking to Je-sus, my heart can-not fear; I trem-ble no more when I

sor-row no more! The light of His countenance shineth so bright, That here, as in
see Je-sus near; I know that His presence my safeguard will be, For, "Why are ye

3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
heav-en, there need be no night. When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
troubled?" He saith un-to me. They bear me away in His presence to be;
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

116.

Resting in Thy Love.

Rev. R. W. TODD.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. While way-worn and wea-ry, I jour-ney a-long, Dear Sav-iour, Thy love is the
2. While bur-den'd with sor-row, and la-dened with woe, Dear Sav-iour, to Thee 'neath Thy

theme of my song; Thy smile is my bea-con, as onward I move; Thy cross is my
cross will I go; I think of Thy sor-row and anguish for me, And yield at Thy

3 And when—all the pangs of mortality o'er—
shel-ter—I rest in Thy love. I join with the blood-washed who sing on the
bid-ding, my sor-rows to Thee. shore;
I'll dwell with the pure in Thy temple above;
For ever and ever I'll rest in Thy love.

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Faith.

I Love to Hear the Story.

EMILY H. MILLER.

French Air.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gels' voi - ces tell,
 2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet - est songs I'll raise,

REF.—I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gels' voi - ces tell,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on Earth to dwell.
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
 And tho' I can - not see Him I know He hears my praise;

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on Earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sin - ful: But this I sure - ly know,
 And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,
 For He has kind - ly prom - ised That e - ven I may go

The Lord came down to save me; Be - cause He loved me so!
 He nev - er will for - sake me; Be - cause He loves me so!
 To sing a - mong His an - gels; Be - cause He loves me so!

118.

1 To-day Thy mercy calls me
To wash away my sin.
However great my trespass,
Whate'er I may have been,
However long from mercy
I may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me,
And make me white to-day.

REF.—To-day Thy gate is open
And all who enter in,
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.

2 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates,
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

Oswald Allen.

119.

1 The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn;
My Lord is in the Homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there.

REF.—The Homeland! O the Homeland!
The land of souls freeborn!
No gloomy night is known there,
But aye the fadeless morn.

2 For loved ones in the Homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native Country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the Homeland
Of His eternal love.

Hugh R. Haweis.

120. We may not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. WHITTIER.

W. V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps, To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the
2. But warm, sweet, tender, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He; And faith has yet its
3. The heal-ing of the seamless dress, Is by our beds of pain; We touch Him in life's

low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
throng and press, And we are whole again.

4 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

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121.

Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the fit - ful tempest
 2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure Hide Thou me; Thou, my soul's e - ter - nal
 3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in glo - ry dawn the

ra - ges, Hide Thou me; Where no mor - tal arm can sev - er From my
 treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my
 mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy

heart Thy love for - ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 heart is al - most yielding, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 bo - som be my pil - low, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.

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122.

I left it all with Jesus.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.

Miss H. M. WARNER.

1. I left it all with Je - sus long a - go, All my sins I brought Him and my woe;
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, for He knows How to steal the bit - ter from life's woes;
 3. I leave it all with Je - sus day by day; Faith can firm - ly trust Him, come what may;

Faith.

I left it all with Jesus.—Concluded.

When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard Him gen tly whis - per. "Tis for thee,"
How to gild the tear - drop with His smile, Make the des - ert gar - den bloom a - while:
Hope has dropp'd her an - chor, found her rest, In the calm sure ha - ven of His breast.

From my heart the bur - den roll'd a-way! Hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den roll'd a way! Hap - py day!
When my weakness lean - eth on His might, All seems light; When my weakness lean eth on His night, All seems light,
Love es-teams it hear - en to a - bide At His side, Love es-teams it hear - en to a - bide At His side.

123.

A Brother's Care.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

Mrs. CHARLES BARNARD.

1. Yes! for me, for me Hear - eth, With a brother's tender care, Yes! with me, with me He shareth,
2. Yes! o'er me, o'er me He watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth night and day; Yes! e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth
3. Yes! for me He standeth pleading At the mercy-seat a - bove; Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing,

Ev - 'ry bur - den, ev - 'ry care.
From the per - ils of the way.
Con - stant in un - tir - ing love.

4 Yes! in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me;
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here, and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the joyful song of even.

Rev. F. WHITFIELD.

CHRISTIAN URHAN.

1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;
 2. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor;
 3. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus! I need a friend like Thee;
 4. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in.
 A stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store.
 A friend to soothe and sym - pa - thize—A friend to care for me;
 En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne;

I need the cleans - ing fount - ain, Where I can al - ways flee,
 I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on the way,
 I need the heart of Je - sus, To feel each anx - ious care,
 There, with Thy blood - bought chil - dren, My joy shall ev - er be,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
 To tell my ev - er - y trial, And all my sor - rows share.
 To sing Thy prais - es, Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

125.

Tell me ye Wingèd Winds.

CHAS. MACKAY.

Fr. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Tell me, ye wingèd winds, That round my pathway roar; Do ye not know some spot
 2. Tell me, ye mighty deep, Whose billows round me play; Know'st thou some favor'd spot,
 3. Tell me, my sa-cred soul, O tell me, Hope and Faith, Is there no resting-place

Where mortals weep no more? Some lone and pleasant dell, Some val-ley in the west,
 Some is-land far a-way, Where wea-ry man may find The bliss for which he sighs;
 From sor-row, sin and death? Is there no hap-py spot Where mortals may be blest,—

Where, free from toil and pain, The wea-ry soul may rest? The loud winds dwindled
 Where sor-row nev-er lives, And friendship nev-er dies? The loud waves roar-ing
 Where grief may find a balm, And wea-ri-ness, a rest? Faith, Hope and Love, best

to a whis-per low, And sigh'd for pit-y as they answer'd, "no!"
 in per-pet-ual flow, Stopp'd for a-while and sigh'd to an-swer, "no!"
 boons to mor-tals giv'n, Wav'd their bright wings, and whisper'd, "yes, in heav'n!"

Faith.

126.

'Tis Sweet to know.

M. E. SERVOSS.

J. C. EWING, by per.

Subdued.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus hears, Each sim - ple, earn - est, trusting pray'r,
 2. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus cheers The troubled soul by sin oppressed,
 3. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus guides Tho' dark the night and long the way,
 4. 'Tis sweet to know that in that home, That grand e - ter - nal rest - ing-place,

And feel in ev - 'ry hour of need His ten - der, lov - ing, watchful care.
 For - gives re - pent - ant hearts that ask, And bids the we - ry seek His rest.
 And that no harm can come to me, Or aught my trust - ing heart dis - may.
 Our souls shall dwell in per - fect peace, When we shall see Him face to face.

CHORUS.

'Tis sweet to know that He is near, And sweet - er

'Tis sweet to know

that He is near,

still that He will hear, 'Tis sweet to know that He is

And sweeter still
Love to the Saviour.

that He will hear,

'Tis sweet to know

'Tis Sweet to Know—Concluded.

near, And sweeter still that He will hear. *rit.*

that He is near, And sweeter still that He will hear.

127.

Shine Out, Oh Life Divine.

J. G. WHITTIER

Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Blow winds of God, a - wake and blow The mists of earth a - way:
 2. Oh love, oh life, our faith and sight Thy pres-ence mak - eth one,
 3. So to our mor - tal eyes sub - dued, Flesh veiled, but not con - cealed,
 4. Our Friend, our Broth - er, and our Guide, What may Thy ser - vice be?—

Shine out, oh life di - vine, and show, How wide and far we stray.
 As thro' trans - fig - ured clouds of white We trace the noon-day sun.
 We know in Thee the fa - ther - hood And heart of God re - vealed.
 Nor name, nor form, nor rit - ual pride, But sim - ply fol - lowing Thee.

REFRAIN.

Oh, come to my heart, dear Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee!

128.

Wonderful Love.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Won-der-ful love that found us Out on the mountain cold! Won-der-ful love that
 2. Won-der-ful love whose presence, Beam-ing with light di-vine, Ev-er thro' clouds and
 3. Won-der-ful love that keeps us Near to the Sav-our's throne! Drop-ping in ten-der
 4. When to the gate of E-den Gath-ered in peace we come, Won-der-ful love our

CHORUS.

brought us In-to the Sav-our's fold!
 dark-ness Mak-eth the sun to shine. } Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!
 bless-ings, Filled with a joy un-known.
 pass-word In-to the soul's dear home.

Tell it in thankful song; Tell of its pow'r and greatness; Sing it the whole day long.

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129.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon.

Rev. A. J. GORDON, by per.

1. My Je-sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the fol-lies of sin I re-sign;
 2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And pur-chased my par-don on Cal-va-ry's tree;
 3. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev-er a-dore Thee in heav-en so bright;

Love to the Saviour.

96

My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou ; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow ; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow ; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

130.

The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O the name, the name of Je - sus, How my heart it thrills! Sweet - est mu - sic float - ing
 2. Breathe, O breathe the name of Je - sus, Low be - fore the throne; Own - ing all your sin and
 3. When thy heart is sad and lone - ly, Sin - ful tho' it be, Thou canst plead the name of

REFRAIN.

round me, And my soul it fills. } O e - pre - cious name of Je - sus,
 weak - ness, Trust - ing Him a - lone. }
 Je - sus, Je - sus died for thee. }

Breath it low in pray'r; At the cross of Je - sus bend - ing, God will hear thee there.

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Love to the Saviour.

Arr. by F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus. It smooths the rugged road, It seems to help me
 2. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, A - lone in se - cret pray'r, It gives me strength and
 3. I'll trust and wait with patience Till my ap - point - ed time, And glo - ry in the

on - ward When faint - ing 'neath my load; When, worn by care and sor - row,
 cour - age, Life's ma - ny toils to bear; And though I some - times fal - ter,
 knowledge That such a trust is mine; Then, where no hearts are wea - ry,

My eyes with tears are dim, There is noth - ing can give me com - fort Like a
 Be - cause the way is dim, There is noth - ing can cheer me on - ward Like a
 No eyes with tears are dim, He will talk with me for - ev - er, And

REFRAIN.

lit - tle talk with Him.
 lit - tle talk with Him. } A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus;
 I will talk with Him.

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A little Talk with Jesus.—Concluded.

There is nothing that giv-eth me com-fort Like a lit-tle talk with Him.

132. Keep Thou my Way, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Keep Thou my way, O Lord; My-self I can-not guide; Nor dare I trust my
2. For ev-'ry act of faith, And ev-'ry pure de-sign,—For all of good my
3. O speak, and I will hear; Command, and I o-bey, My will-ing feet with

err-ing steps One moment from Thy side; I can-not think a-right, Un-less in-soul can know, The glo-ry, Lord, be Thine; Free-grace my pardon seals, Thro' Thy a-joy shall haste To run the heav'nly way; Keep Thou my wand'ring heart, And bid it

spir'd by Thee; My heart would fail with-out Thy aid, Choose Thou my thoughts for me. ton-ing blood; Free-grace the full as-sur-ance brings, Of peace with Thee, my God. cease to roam; O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave To heav'n, my blissful home.

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133.

We All Might Do Good.

ANON.

E. L. WHITE.

1. We all might do good where we oft - en do ill, There's al - ways a way, if we have but the will;
 2. We all might do good in a thous - and small ways; For - bear - ing to that - ter, yet giv - ing due praise;
 3. We all might do good, whether low - ly or great, A deed is not judged by the purse or es - taste;

For e - ven a word, kind - ly breath'd or surpressed, May guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.
 In spurn - ing ill ru - mour, re - prov - ing wrong done, And treat - ing but kind - ly the heart we have won.
 If on - ly a cup of cold wa - ter is giv'n, Like the mite of the wid - ow, 'tis some - thing for heav'n.

134.

Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

C. H. A. MALAN.

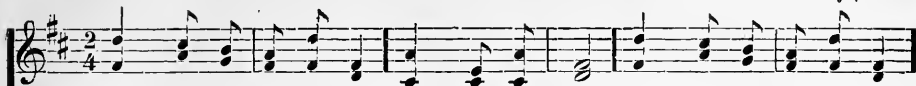
1. Ask ye what great thing I know, That de - lights and stills me so? What the high re -
 2. What is faith's foun - da - tion strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
 3. Who de - feats my fierc - est foes? Who con - soles my sad - dest woes? Who revives my
 4. This is that great thing I know; This de - lights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who

ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 sin - ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 faint - ing heart, Heal - ing all its hid - den smart? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 died to save, Him who triumph'd o'er the grave, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

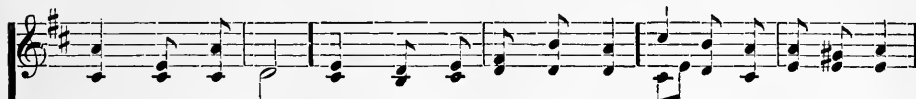
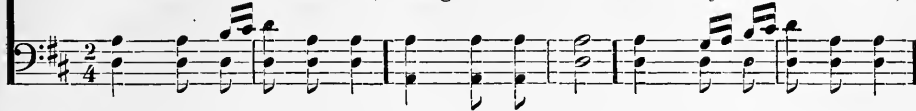
Kind Words Can Never Die.

ANON.

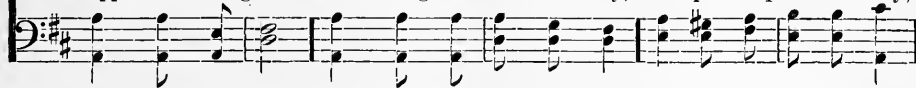
ABBY HUTCHINSON, by per.



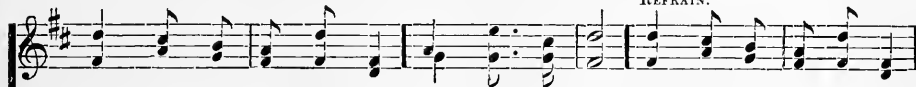
1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cher-ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Though, like the flow'rs. Their brightest hues may fly
3. Our souls can nev-er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,



Stored in the breast: Like child-hood's sim-ple rhymes, Said o'er a thousand times,
 In win-try hours. But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
 Wrapped in the gloom. What though the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a-way,



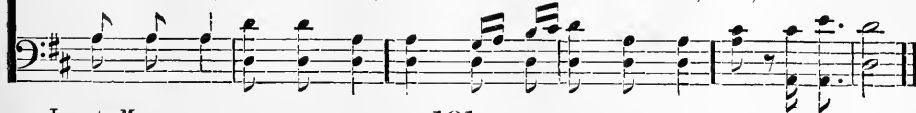
REFRAIN.



Ay, in all years and climes Dis-tant and near. Kind words can nev-er die,
 With many an add-ed hue They bloom a-gain, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die,
 Live through e-ter-nal day With Christ a-bove. Our souls can nev-er die,



Nev-er die, nev-er die, Kind words can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.
 Nev-er die, nev-er die, Our souls can nev-er die, No, nev-er die.



Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath - er up the sunbeams, Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet - voiced bird is flown! Strange that
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Press'd a - gainst the win - dow pane, Would be
 4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point our memories back To the

keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweet - est
 we should slight the violets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and
 cold and stiff to - morrow—Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our
 hast - y words and actions Strewn a - long our back ward track! How those lit - tle hands re -

com - fort In the blessings of to - day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing
 sunshine Nev - er seem one half so fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions
 dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our brow?—Would the prints of ros - y fin - gers
 mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie, Not to scat - ter thorns—but ros - es—

CHORUS.

All the bri - ars from the way.
 Shake the white down in the air.
 Vex us then as they do now? } Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scat - ter seeds of
 For our reap - ing by and by.

Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

kind-ness, Then scat- ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reaping by and by.

ad lib.

137. Lord, what Offering shall we Bring.

JOHN TAYLOR.

W. A. MOZART.

1. Lord, what offering shall we bring, At Thine al-tars when we bow? Hearts, the pure, un-
2. Will-ing hands to lead the blind, Blind and wounded, feed the poor; Love, em-brac - ing

sullied spring Whence the kind affections flow; Soft compassion's feel - ing soul, By the
all our kind, Char-i - ty, with lib-eral store; Teach us, O Thou heav-enly King, Thus to

melt-ing eye expressed! Sympathy, at whose control, Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.
show our grate - ful mind; Thus th' accepted offering bring, Love to Thee and all mankind.

138.

O Love, that wilt not let Me go.

Rev. G. MATHESON.

1. O Love, that wilt not let me go! I rest my wear-y soul in Thee;
 2. O Light, that fol-lowest all my way! I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
 3. O Joy, that seek - est me thro' pain! I can - not close my heart to Thee;
 4. O Cross, that lift - est up my head! I dare not ask to fly from Thee;

I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow—
 My heart re-stores its bor - rowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day,
 I trace the sun-shine thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain,
 I lay in duct life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day, May bright-er, fair - er be.
 And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 And from the ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end-less be.

139.

Dear Refuge of my Weary Soul.

A STEELE

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Dear Refuge of my wea-ry soul, On Thee when sorrows rise, On Thee when waves of
 2. To Thee I tell each ris-ing grief, For Thou a-lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a
 3. But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine; The springs of comfort

Trust.

Dear Refuge of my Weary Soul.—Concluded.

trouble roll, My fainting hope re-lies.
 sweet re-lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.
 seem to fail, And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust;
 And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat,
 With humble hope attend Thy will,
 And wait beneath Thy feet.

140.

O Lord My Heart is Thine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O Lord my heart is Thine, Thy love a-bides in me; My faith is anchored
 2. O Lord my heart is Thine, And Thou Thy trust wilt keep; Thy voice will calm its
 3. O Lord my heart is Thine, And with my soul 'tis well; By cool - ing streams Thou
 4. O Lord my heart is Thine, And when its chords shall break, 'Twill soar a-loft on

REFRAIN.

on Thy word, My life is hid with Thee,
 troubled waves, And lull its cares to sleep.
 leadest me, And there in peace I dwell. } No harm shall e'er be-tide me, For
 ea - gle wings, A sweet - er song to make.

Thou Thy-self wilt guide me, And Thou, O Lord, wilt safely hide me, My heart is Thine.

Trust.

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141.

O Happy Christian Children.

Rev. L. TUTTIETT.

Arr. fr. W. A. MOZART.

1. O hap - py Christian chil - dren, Who seek a home a - bove, And read in all cre -
 2. In joy we now approach Him, In hope we kneel and pray, For He whose blood re -
 3. When earth no help can find us, And all its lights are gone, He sends His blessed

a - tion A heav'n - ly Father's love! What earth - ly foe can harm us? What
 deemed us Will wash our sins a - way; His ear, in all our dan - gers, Is
 Spir - it To lead us safe - ly on; And when at last our bod - ies Must

pow'r can make us fear, If God is watching o'er us With succor ev - er near?
 list'ning when we call, His hand, in all temp - ta - tions, Will hold us lest we fall.
 lay them down to rest, With Him, we trust, our spir - its Will be for - ev - er blest.

142.

The Dawning Light.

J. B. DYKES.

1. I may not stay To see the day When the great Sav - iour shall bear sway,
 2. But come it fast, Or come 'it slow, 'Twill come at last, I sure - ly know,

Trust.

The Dawning Light.—Concluded.

And earth be glad-ned in the ray, That cometh from a - bove.
And heaven and earth shall catch the glow, And menshall call it love.

143.

All Will be Well.

MARY B. PETERS.

W. JACKSON.

1. Tho' the love of God our Sav-iour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His
2. Tho' we pass through tribu - la - tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal -
3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of

fa - vor! All, all is well: Pre - cious is the blood that heal'd us; Per - fect
va - tion, All, all is well: Hap - py, still in God con - fid - ing, Fruitful,
sor - row, All, all is well: On our Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus

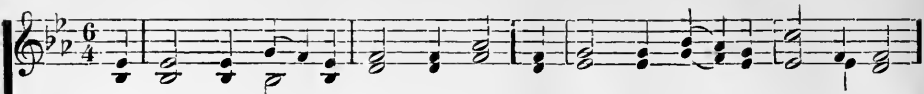
is the grace that seal'd us; Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well.
if in Christ abid - ing, Ho - ly, thro' the Spirit's guiding, All must be well.
ev - 'ry need supplying, Or in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;

144.

If I Could only Know!

Anon

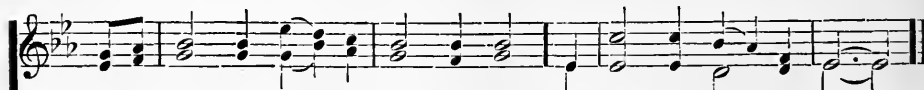
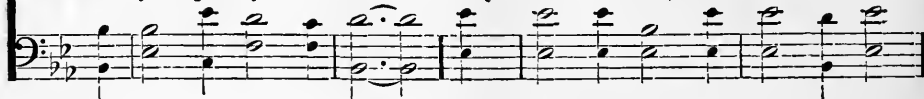
THOS HASTINGS



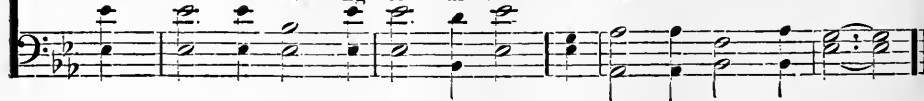
1. If I could on - ly sure - ly know That all these things that vex'd me so
 2. It seems to me, if sure of this, Blest with each ill would come such bliss
 3. Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt That Thou dost com - pass me a - bout



Were no - ticed by my Lord— The pang that cuts me like a knife,
 That I might cov - et pain, And deem what - ev - er brought to me
 With sym - pa - thy di - vine. Thy love for me, oh! Cru - ci - fied,



The noise, the wea - ri - ness, the strife—What peace it would af - ford!
 The lov - ing seuse of De - i - ty, Not loss, but rich - est gain.
 Is ev - er wait - ing to di - vide The small - est care of mine.



145.

- 1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;
 Dread not His rage and power;
 What though your courage sometimes faints,
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
 Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
 To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
 Leave it to Him, our Lord!
 Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
 He sees the hosts that shall arise
 To save us by His word.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor - rows, like
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't--My sin— not in
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well, . . .
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul. } It is
 scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

. with my soul It is well, It is well with my soul.
 well with my soul,

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147.

God will take Care of You.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA. D. SANKEY.

1. God will take care of you, be not a-fraid; He is your safe-guard thro'
 2. God will take care of you, thro' all the day, Shield-ing your foot-steps, di-
 3. God will take care of you, long as you live, Grant-ing you bless-ings no

sun-shine and shade; Ten-der-ly watch-ing and keep-ing His own,
 rect-ing your way; He is your Shep-herd, Pro-tec-tor and Guide,
 oth-er can give; He will take care of you when time is past,

CHORUS.

He will not leave you to wan-der a-lone.
 Lead-ing His chil-dren where still wa-ters glide. } God will take care of you
 Safe to His king-dom will bring you at last.

still to the end; Oh, what a Fa-ther, Re-deem-er and Friend! Je-sus will

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Trust.

God will take Care of You.—Concluded.

an-
 answer when ev-er you call, He will take care of you, trust Him for all.

148.

The Lord will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. In some way or oth-er the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be *my* way,
 2. At some time or oth-er the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be *my* time,
 3. De-spond then no long-er: the Lord will pro-vide; And this be the to-ken—
 4. March on then right bold-ly; the sea shall di-vide; The path-way made glo-rious,

It may not be *thy* way; And yet, in His *own* way, "The Lord will pro-vide."
 It may not be *thy* time; And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will pro-vide."
 No word He hath spo-ken Was ev-er yet bro-ken: "The Lord will pro-vide."
 With shoutings vic-to-rious, We'll join in the cho-rus, "The Lord will pro-vide."

CHORUS.

Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will provide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will provide.

Mrs. M. S. B. D. SHINDLER.

H. HANKINSON.

Tenderly.

1. I know not the way I am go - ing, But well do I know my Guide;
2. As when some help - less wan - d'rer, A - lone in an un-known land,

With a child-like trust I give my hand To the might-y Friend at my side;
Tells the guide his des - tined place of rest, And leaves all else in his hand:

And the on - ly thing I say to Him, As He takes it, is, "hold it fast; γ
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach! He who guides us may choose the way; And

Suf - fer me not to lose my way, And lead me home at last."
lit - tle we heed what path we take, If near - er home each day.

Trust.

F. M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my ref-uge thro'
 2. I am safe in the Rock that was riv-en for me, From the pow'r of the
 3. I am safe in the Rock, let what-ev-er be-tide, Death and hell have no

storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is toss'd on the bil-lows' mad foam,
 temp-ter I'm free; Tho' my path-way be dark and the storms sweep the sky,
 ter-ror to me; I can walk with-out fear thro' the shad-ow-y vale,

Chorus.

Yet I'm shel-ter'd for-ev-er in Thee.
 Yet se-cure-ly I'm shel-ter'd in Thee. } Shel-ter'd in Thee,
 For se-cure-ly I'm shel-ter'd in Thee. } Shel-ter'd in

shel-ter'd in Thee, O Thou blest Rock of A-ges, I am shel-ter'd in Thee.
 Thee, in Thee,

151.

Forever Blessed.

Rev. W. WALSHAM HOW.

Arr. fr. JOHN E. GOULD.

1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the
 3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints, who nobly
 4. Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine! We feebly struggle; they in

world confess'd, Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed, For ever blessed.
 well-fought fight; Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light, Their one true Light.
 fought of old, And win with them the victor's crown of gold, Their crown of gold.
 glory shine Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine, For all are Thine.

- 5 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way!
 Pursues His way!
- 6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
 farthest coast, [host,
 Thro' gates of pearl streams in the countless
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 "Hallelujah!"

152.

- 1 Forsake me not! O Thou, my Lord, my Light!
 I lift mine eyes unto Thy holy height,
 And trust Thee with a child's sweet trust untaught:
 Forsake me not!
- 2 Forsake me not! By sorrow oft depressed,
 On Thee alone, Almighty Power, I rest!
 Strength faileth me; he Thou my strength—Christ-bought:
 Forsake me not!
- 3 Forsake me not! Help me to know Thy way!
 Let me at last, at closing of my day,
 Into the light of Thy dear face be brought!
 Forsake me not!

Tr. by Mrs. J. P. Morgan.

153.

Crossing the Bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON. Died October 6, 1892.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Sun - set and Even - ing Star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. But mov - ing tide a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from

moan - ing bar When I put out to sea.
out the deep Turns to its ear - liest home.

3 Twilight and Evening Bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sad farewell,
When I at last embark.

4 For tho' from Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar.

154.

Leaning on Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. HENMAN.

1. Lean - ing on Thee, my Guide, my Friend, My gra - cious Sav - iour! I am blest;
2. Lean - ing on Thee, with child - like faith, To Thee, with fu - ture I con - fide;
3. Lean - ing on Thee, though faint and weak, Too weak a - noth - er voice to hear,
4. Lean - ing on Thee, no fear a - larms; Calm - ly I stand on death's dark brink;

Though we - ry, Thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest.
Each step of life's un - trod - den path Thy love will guide.
Thy heav - 'nly ac - cents com - fort speak, "Be of good cheer."
I feel the "ev - er - last - ing arms," I can - not sink.

155. Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord.

THOMAS RAFFLES.
Andante.

1. Thou art my hid-ing-place, O Lord! On Thee I fix my trust, En-cour-ag'd by Thy
2. 'Mid tri-als heav-y to be borne, When mortal strength is vain, A heart with grief and
3. And when Thine awful voice commands This bod-y to de-cay, And life, in its last

ho-ly word, A fee-ble child of dust. I have no ar-gu-ment be-side, I
an-guish torn, A bod-y rack'd with pain; Ah, what could give the suff'rer rest, Bid
ling'ring sands, Is eb-bing fast a-way; Then, tho' it be in ac-cents weak, And

urge no oth-er plea; And 'tis enough the Saviour died, The Saviour died for me.
ev-'ry murmur flee, But this, the witness in my breast That Je-sus died for me.
faint and tremblingly, O give me strength in death to speak, "My Saviour died for me."

156.

1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
||: I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee. :||

2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
||: I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go. :||

3 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
||: Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified. :||

4 And if some things I do not ask,
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
||: More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But please Thee perfectly. :||

Miss A. L. Waring.

157.

In Heavenly Love Abiding.

W. W. How.

FR. MENDELSSOHN.

cres. *f*

1. In heav'nly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
 2. Wher-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-

dim.

The storm may roar without me,
 His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth,
 fid-ing, For nothing chan-ges here; The storm may roar with-out me,
 side me, And nothing can I lack; His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth,

The storm may roar without me,
 His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth.

f *p*

My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-bout me,—And can I be dis-
 His sight is nev-er dim, He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with

And can I be dis-may'd?
 And I will walk with Him.

f *dim.*

may'd? But God is round a-bout me,—And can..... I be dis-may'd?
 Him. He knows the way He tak-eth, And I..... will walk with Him.

And can I be dis-may'd?
 And I will walk with Him.

158.

Beneath His Wing.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Arr. H. P. M.

1. I come, I rest be - neath The shad - ow of His wing, That I may know
 2. I lean a - gainst the cross When fainting by the way; It bears my weight,
 3. I clasp the outstretch'd hand Of my de - liv - ring Lord; Up - on His arm

How good it is Here to a - bide; How safe its shel - ter - ing!
 It holds me up, It cheers my soul, It turns my night to day!
 I lean my - self— His arm di - vine— It doth me help af - ford!

How safe its shel - ter - ing! How good it is Here to a - bide;
 It turns my night to day! It holds me up, It cheers my soul,
 It doth me help af - ford! I lean my - self— His arm di - vine—

How safe its shel - ter - ing!
 It turns my night to day!
 It doth me help af - ford!

4 I hear the gracious words
 He speaketh to my soul;
 They whisper rest,
 They banish fear,
 They say, "be strong,"
 They make my spirit whole!

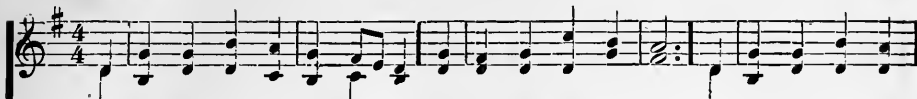
5 I look and live and move;
 I listen to the voice
 Saying to me
 That God is love,
 That God is light:
 I listen, and rejoice!

159.

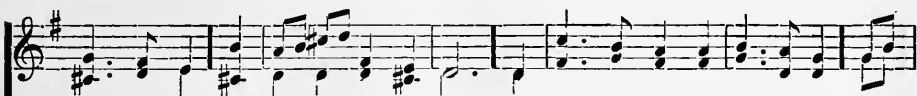
As Trustful as a Child.

JAMES D. BURNS.

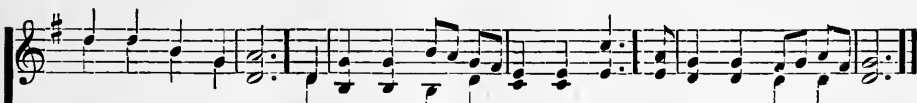
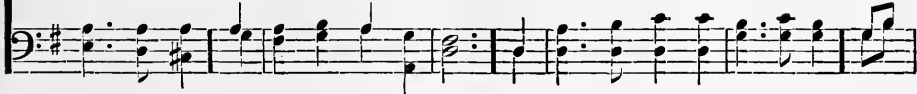
National Air of Holland.



1. As help-less as a child who clings Fast to his fa-ther's arm, And cast His weak-ness
 2. As trust-ful as a child who looks Up in his moth-er's face, And all his lit-tle
 3. As lov-ing as a child who sits Close to his parent's knee, And knows no want while



on the strength That keeps him safe from harm, So I, my Fath-er, cling to Thee, And
 griefs and fears For-gets in her em-brace, So un-to Thee, O Lord, I look, And
 it can have That sweet so-ci-e-ty, So, sit-ting at Thy feet, my heart Would



ev-ry pass-ing hour Would link my earthly fee-ble-ness To Thine almighty pow'r.
 in Thy face divine Can read the love that will sus-tain As weak a faith as mine.
 all its love out pour, And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more.



160.

1 O Thou, in all Thy might so far,
 In all Thy love so near;—
 Beyond the range of sun and star,
 And yet beside us here:—
 What heart can comprehend Thy name,
 Or, searching, find Thee out?
 Who art within, a quickening Flame,
 A Presence round about!

2 O sweeter than all else besides,
 The tender mystery
 That like a veil of shadow hides
 The light we may not see!
 Yet though we know Thee but in part,
 We ask not, Lord, for more:
 Enough for us to know Thou art,
 To love Thee and adore!

161.

When Winds are Raging.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE.

LOWELL MASON.

1. When winds are raging o'er the upper o- cean, And billows wild contend with angry roar,

'Tissaid, far down, beneath the wild commotion, That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system covers the first line of lyrics, and the second system covers the second line.

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- 2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
- 3 So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.
- 4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

162.

- 1 We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

163.

Trust in God, and do the Right.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

DARIUS E. JONES.

1. Cour - age, broth - er! do not stum - ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
There's a Star to guide the hum - ble, "Trust in God, and do the right."

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the treble clef staff.

- 2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And the end far out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
- 3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee
Some will flatter, some will slight,
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

164.

- 1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.
- 2 O the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot!
O the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not!
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

165.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

G. R. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin: The blood of Je-sus whispers peace within.
 2. Peace, perfect peace, by throng-ing duties press'd: To do the will of Jesus,—this is the rest.
 3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrow surging round: On Je-sus' ho-som nought but calm is found.
 4. Peace, perfect peace, with lov'd ones far away: In Je-sus' keeping we are safe, are they.
 5. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Je-sus calls us to heav'n's perfect peace.

166.

The Lord is My Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd no want shall I know; I feed in green pas-tures, safe
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stay, Since Thou art my Guar-dian no
 fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Restores me when
 e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be
 3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
 wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
 fall, with my Comfort-er near.
 4 Let goodness and mercy, my beautiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above,
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Thro' the land of our sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

Trust.

167.

Light at Evening-time.

RICHARD H. ROBINSON.

F. FILITZ.

1. Ho-ly Fa-ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per-pet-u-al ray: Grant us ev-'ry
2. Ho-ly Sav-iour, calm our fears When earth's brightness disappears: Grant us in our

clo-sing day Light at evening-time.
la-ter years Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

168.

Thine for Ever! God of Love!

Mrs. MARY F. MAUDE.

CHARLES THIRTLE.

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love! Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest;
3. Thine for ev - er! Sav- iour keep Us, Thy frail and trem- bling sheep;
4. Thine for ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup- plied;

Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Sav - iour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
Safe a - lone be - neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good - ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

169.

Take my Heart, Dear Jesus.

I BALTZELL.

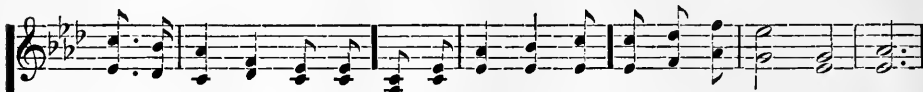
I. BALTZELL, by per.



- | | |
|---|-----------------|
| 1. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it all Thine own, all Thine own, | all Thine own : |
| 2. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it pure and clean, pure and clean, | pure and clean |
| 3. Take my heart, dear Jesus, Make it white as snow, white as snow, | white as snow ; |



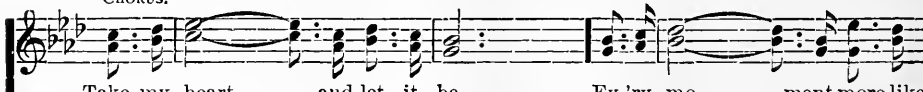
all thine own,	all thine own :
pure and cleaa,	pure and clean :
white as snow,	white as snow ;



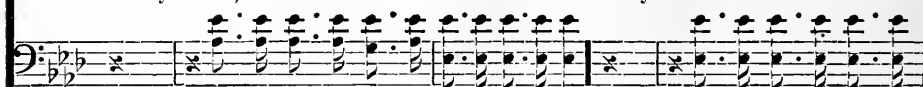
Let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it Break this heart of stone, And make me all Thine own.
 Let Thy blood, still flow-ing, Wash a - way my sin, .And make me pure and clean.
 May the cleansing fountain, May Thy precious flow, Still keep me white as snow.



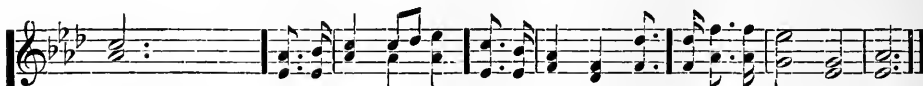
CHORUS.



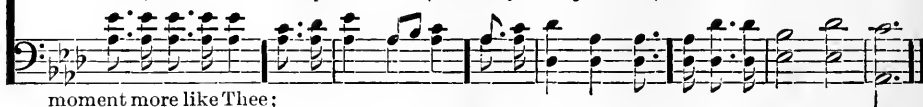
Take my heart, and let it be Ev-'ry mo - - ment more like



Take my heart, and let it be, and let it be, Ev-'ry moment, ev - 'ry



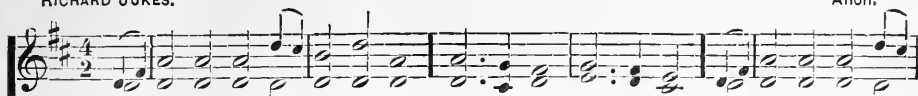
Thée ; At Thy feet I bow ; Take my heart just now, And make me all Thine own.



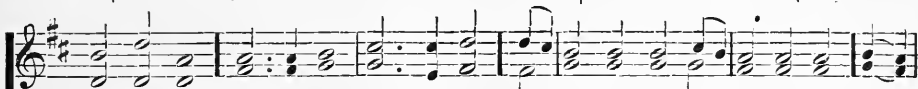
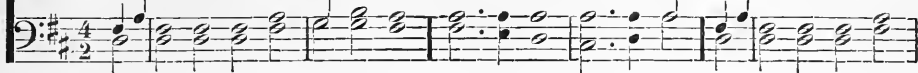
moment more like Thée ;
 Consecration.

RICHARD JUKES.

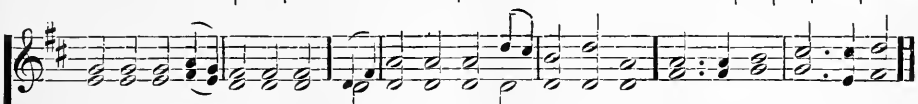
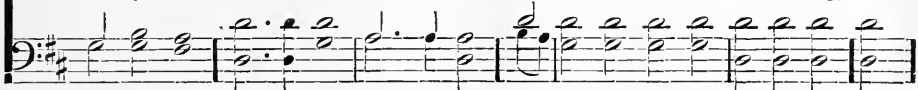
Anon.



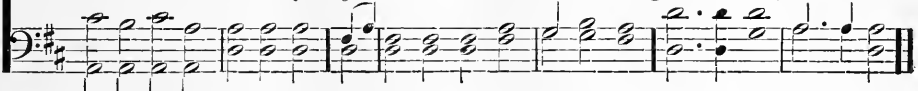
1. Come, let us all u - nite and sing, God is love, God is love, Let heav'n and earth their
2. Oh! tell to earth's remot-est bound, God is love, God is love, In Christ we have re -
3. How happy is our portion here—God is love, God is love. His prom-is - es our
4. In glo - ry we shall sing a - gain, God is love, God is love; Yes, this shall be our



prais - es bring— God is love, God is love. Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake, Each
 demption found—God is love, God is love. His blood hath washed our sins away, His
 spir - its cheer— God is love, God is love. He is our sun and shield by day, Our
 loft - y strain, God is love, God is love. While endless a - ges roll a - long, In



in his heart sweet music make, And sing with us, for Jesus' sake, God is love, God is love.
 Spir - it turn'd our night to day, And led our souls with joy to say, God is love, God is love.
 help, our hope, our strength and stay, — He will be with us all the way—God is love, God is love.
 concert with the heavenly throng, This shall be still our sweetest song, God is love, God is love.



171.

- 1 My heart is fixed, immortal God,
 Fixed on Thee, fixed on Thee!
 And my eternal choice is made,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
 Who did for me salvation bring,
 And while I breathe I mean to sing,
 "Christ for me, Christ for me!"
- 2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 His riches never can be told,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!

- Your gold will waste and wear away,
 Your honor perish in a day,
 My portion never can decay;
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
- 3 In pining sickness or in health,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 In deepest poverty or wealth,
 Christ for me, Christ for me!
 And in that all-important day,
 When I the summons must obey,
 And pass from this dark world away;
 Christ for me, Christ for me!

172.

Come in and Dwell with Me.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Come in, come in, O Sav - iour mine, Come in and dwell with me;
 2. My soul from ru - in Thou hast brought; Come in and dwell with me;
 3. The bolt - ed door is o - pen wide; Come in and dwell with me;

My heart, my life, hence - forth are Thine; Come in and dwell with me.
 I've found the rest that long I've sought; Come in and dwell with me.
 For - ev - er here my guest a - bid; Come in and dwell with me.

REFRAIN.
 Come in,.....

Come in, come in and dwell with me, I yield my all to Thee;
 Come in,.....

My heart, my life, hence - forth are Thine; Come in and dwell with me.

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173.

I Bring my Sins to Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Anon.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That all may cleans-ed be At
 2. My heart to Thee I bring, The heart I can - not read, A faith-less wand'ring thing, An

Thy once o - pen'd fount. I bring them, Sav-iour all to Thee; The bur - den is too great for me.
 e - vil heart in - deed; I bring it, Sav-iour, now to Thee, That fix'd and faith-ful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
 The care I cannot flee;
 Thou wilt not only share,
 But take it all for me.
 O loving Saviour! now to Thee,
 I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
 The grief I cannot tell;
 No words shall needed be,
 Thou knowest all so well.
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,
 O suffering Saviour! all to Thee.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
 The joys Thy love has given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
 Who hast procured them all for me.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
 I would not be my own;
 O Saviour! let me be
 Thine ever, Thine alone!
 My heart, my life, my all I bring
 To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

174.

Thine, Lord, Forever.

WILLIAM BENNETT.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Pur - chas'd by blood di - vine; Res - cued and sav'd by Thee, Lord, I am Thine.
 2. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, Tho' death shall lay me low; E'en in that dread-ful hour, Thine, Lord, I know.
 3. Thine, Lord, for - ev - er, When safe be - fore Thy throne I stand, for - ev - er - more Thine, Thine a - lone.

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175.

Peace, be Still!

GODFREY THRING.

J. B. DYKES.

f *cres.* *dim.*

1. Fierce rag'd the tem-pest o'er the deep; Watch did the tired dis-ci-ples keep;
2. "Save, Lord! we per-ish!" was their cry; "Oh, save us in our ag-o-ny!"
3. The wild winds hush'd; the an-gry deep Sank, like a lit-tle child, to sleep;
4. So, Fa-ther, when we drift from shore, And all our life is

pp

The Mas-ter lay in dream-less sleep, Calm and still. . .
A-bove the storm the word rose high: "Peace! be still." . . .
The sul-len bil-lows ceased to leap,—All was still! . . .
Bid Pas-sion's fierce and an-gry roar—"Peace! be still!" . . .

176.

Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

EDWIN HATCH.

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a-new, That I may love what
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un-til my heart is pure, Un-til with Thee I

Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
will one will, To do or to en-dure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

177.

Trustfully Come I to Thee.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Trust-ful-ly, trust-ful-ly Come I to Thee; Je-sus, Thou blessèd one, Thine would I be;
 2. Peace-ful-ly, peace-ful-ly Come I to Thee; More of Thy presence, Lord; Grant Thou to me;
 3. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly Come I to Thee; Thou art my loving friend, Precious to me:

Then shall I cheer-ful-ly, Tru-ly and earn-est-ly, Walk in Thy spirit, Saviour, with Thee.
 Then shall I care-ful-ly, Watch-ful-ly, pray'r-fully, Walk in Thy spirit, Clos-er to Thee.
 O may I, rest-ful-ly, Calm-ly and lov-ing-ly, Dwell in Thy spirit, Saviour, with Thee.

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178.

Guide us to Thee.

Anon.

W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Fa-ther, Thou art great and ho-ly, Hear us when we bend the knee,
 2. Saints and an-gels fall be-fore Thee, Where the soul is ev-er free,
 3. By Thy love and pow'r de-fend-ed, May we ev-er faith-ful be,

Make us hum-ble, meek and low-ly, Guide us to Thee.
 Hum-bly still we would a-dore Thee, Guide us to Thee.
 And when life's short day is end-ed, Guide us to Thee.

Consecration.

129

Rev. C. A. DICKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. O gold - en day so long de-sired, Born of a dark-some night,
 2. The nois - es of the night shall cease, The storms no long - er roar;
 3. Sing on, ye cho - rus of the morn, Your grand En-deav - or strain,
 4. O gold - en day, the a - ge's crown, A - light with heav - 'nly love,

The swing - ing globe at last is fired By thy resplend - ent light.
 The fac - tious foes of God's own peace Shall vex His church no more.
 Till Christ - ian hearts, es-tranged and torn, Blend in the glad re - frain;
 Rare day in proph - e - cy re - nown, On to thy ze - nith move;

And hark! like Memnon's morn - ing chord, Is heard from sea to sea
 A thous - and thous - and voi - ces sing In surg - ing har - mo - ny,
 And all the church, with all its powers, In lov - ing loy - al - ty,
 Then all the world, with one ac - cord, In full - voiced u - ni - ty,

This song: One Mas - ter, Christ the Lord; And breth - ren all are we.
 This song: One Mas - ter, Sav - iour, King; And breth - ren all are we.
 Shall sing: One Mas - ter, Christ, is ours; And breth - ren all are we.
 Shall sing: One Mas - ter, Christ, our Lord; And breth - ren all are we.

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KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve;
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ow, Fear - ing neith - er clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze;
 3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus - tained our spir - it oft - en grieves;

Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
 By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
 When our weep - ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

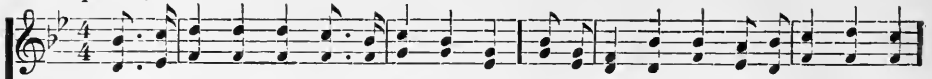
Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.

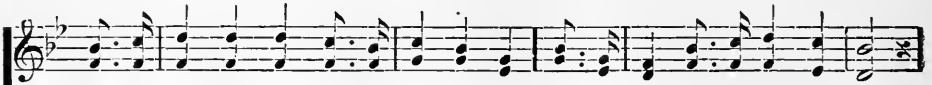
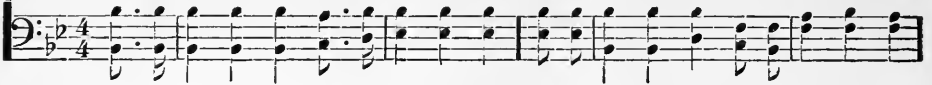
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C. R. BLACKALL.
Spirited.

W. H. DOANE.



1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the reapers few;
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;
3. In the gleaner's path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long, and the labor hard;
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each who have toil'd and store,



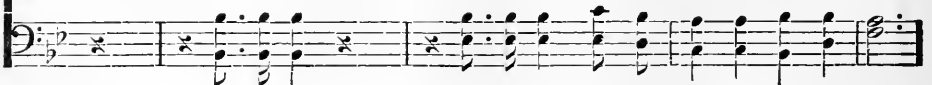
And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.
 Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold-en day.
 For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho-sen shar'd, Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love, Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day.



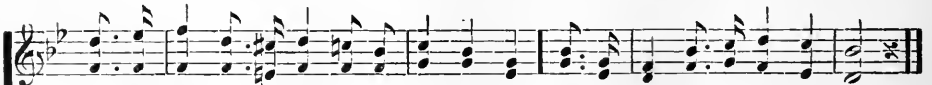
CHORUS.



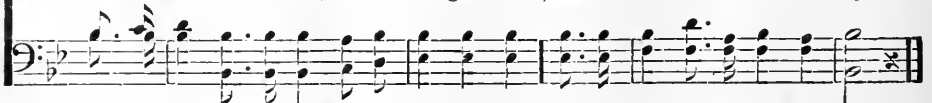
La - bor on! la - bor on! Keep the bright re-ward in view;



La - bor on! la - bor on!



For the Mas-ter has said, He will strength renew; La-lor on till the close of day.



W. E. HICKSON.

German.

1. Now to Heav'n our pray'r as - cend - ing, God speed the right;
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
 3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right.
 Ne'er de - spair - ing, tho' de - feat - ed, God speed the right.
 Ne'er th'e - vent nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right.

Be our zeal in Heav'n re - cord - ed, With success on Earth re - ward - ed,
 Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we fail with glo - ry,
 Pain, nor toil, nor tri - al heed - ing, In the strength of Heav'n suc - ceed - ing—

God speed the right, God speed the right.

- 4 Still our onward course pursuing
 God speed the right;
 Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right;
 Truth our cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it;
 ¶: God speed the right. :||

183.

The Sowers.

Anon.

Rev. GEO. G. PHIPPS.

1. Ten thousand sowers thro' the land, Pass'd heedless on their way; Ten thousand seeds in
 2. A - non as many a year went by, Those sowers came once more, And wander'd 'neath the
 3. Nor knew they in that tangled wood The trees that were their own; Yet as they pluck'd, as

ev - 'ry hand, Of ev - 'ry sort had they. They cast seed here, they cast seed there, They
 leaf - hid sky, And wonder'd at the store; For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there, And
 each one should, Each pluck'd what he had sown. So do men here, so do men there, So

cast seed ev-'ry- where. Ten thousand seeds in ev-'ry hand, They cast seed ev'ry- where.
 fruit hung ev-'ry- where. And each one wonder'd at the store, For fruit hung ev'ry- where.
 do men ev-'ry- where. For each one pluck'd what he had sown, So do men ev'ry- where.

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184.

1 The banner cross is waving high,
 The standard of our God,
 To arms, to arms!—the battle cry—
 Ring out the cheering word.
 There's sound of victory in the air,
 And shout of triumph grand;
 The hosts of God in mighty prayer
 Are sweeping through the land.

2 The hand of faith lays hold of God,
 And chokes the springs of death,
 And pours the streams of life abroad,
 To sweeten poison's breath.
 March on! march on! ye conquering hosts,
 Till not a foe shall stand,
 Nor haunt of vice through all our coasts,
 Nor drunkard in the land.

185.

Carry the Standard Bravely.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Car - ry the stand - ard brave - ly In - to the world's great field; Nev - er de -
 2. Car - ry the stand - ard firm - ly, Bear it wher - e'er we go; Wave it in
 3. Car - ry the stand - ard no - bly, Ask - ing for aid di - vine; Pray - ing for
 4. Car - ry the stand - ard glad - ly, While in the world we live; Then to the

REFRAIN.

sert our ar - my, Nev - er give up our shield.
 youth's bright morning, Love for the Lord to show.
 light and wis - dom O - ver the path to shine. } On - ward, on - ward, on - ward!
 tried and faith - ful Je - sus a crown will give.

Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly sing; O car - ry the stand - ard brave - ly For

Christ, the Lord, our King; O car - ry the stand - ard bravely For Christ, the Lord, our King.
 our King;

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186.

Strive, Wait, and Pray.

Tr. by ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HENRY FARMER.

1. Strive! yet I do not promise The prize you dream of to-day, Will not fade when you think to

grasp it, And melt in your hand a-way; But an-oth-er and ho-li-er treas-ure,

You would now perchance dis-dain, Will come when your toil is o-ver, And pay you for

ORGAN.

all your pain,—Will come when your toil is o-ver, And pay you for all your pain.

2 Wait! yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanish'd,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
||: An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight. :||

3 Pray! though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day,
||: Your eyes are too dim to see it;
Yet strive, and wait, and pray. :||

187.

Resting in God's Love.

C. R. HAGENBACK, tr. by H. A. P.

Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Since thy Fa-ther's arm sus-tain thee, Peace-ful be: When a chastening
2. Without mur-mur, un-com-plain-ing, In His hand Lay what-ev-er
3. Fear-est some-times that thy Fa-ther Hath for-got? When the clouds a-
4. To His own thy Sav-iour giv-eth Dai-ly strength; To each troub-led

hand re-strains thee, It is He! Know His love in full com-plet-ness, Fills the
things Thou canst not Un-der-stand: Tho' the world thy fol-ly spurn-eth, From thy
round thee gath-er, Doubt Him not! Al-ways hath the daylight bro-ken, Al-ways
soul that liv-eth Peace at length: Weakest lambs have largest shar-ing Of this

treas-ure of thy weak-ness; If He wound thy spir-it sore, Trust Him more.
faith in pit-y turn-eth, Peace thy in-most soul shall fill— Ly-ing still.
hath He com-fort spo-ken— Bet-ter hath He been for years, Than thy fears.
ten-der Shepherd's car-ing; Ask Him not, then, when or how—On-ly bow.

188.

Gloria.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to Thee. O Lord! A-men.

189.

O Jesus! Lead us Onward.

Anon.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Joyful.

1. O Je - sus! lead us on - ward, And heav'n-ward show the way To ev - 'ry
 2. And show, a - bove us shin - ing, O show the gold - en crown! Which from Thy
 3. O Shep - herd, Christ, we thank Thee For all Thy constance care, Which helps us

earth - born wanderer, Lest he should go a - stray: O hold on high Thy
 hand Thou giv - est To all that are Thine own; And to Thy throne blest
 ev - er on - ward, To man - sions bright and fair; O nev - er, nev - er

ban - ner, With Ho - ly Cross and shield, And help us all, full brave - ly,
 Sav - iour, O lead our trem - bling feet, That by Thy grace safe shel - tered,
 leave us, But keep us in the way, Un - til at last we see Thee,

ff CHORUS.
 To take the bat - tle field. }
 Our rest may be com - plete. } A - rise, go forth to con - quer, Young
 In ev - er - last - ing day. }

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O Jesus! Lead us Onward.—Concluded.

champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy-al stand-ard, Un-sheath the mighty sword.

ff *Maestoso.*

190. For Christ is our Endeavor.

Rev. ROBERT F. GORDON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. For Christ is our En-deav- or, Our hearts to Him be- long; His presence cheers us
 2. In full-ness of His bless- ing, Good work for Him we'll do; The hand with joy con-
 3. So with youth's ardor glow- ing, We form a Christian band; The mind of Je- sus

ev - er, His love in-spires our song; We come in youth's bright morning, O -
 fess - ing, His stand-ard-bear - ers true; And He will nev - er fail us, What-
 know- ing, We for His hon - or stand; For He is our En-deav - or, And

bedient to His word, And seek for our a- dorn- ing, The beau- ty of the Lord.
 ev - er may be - tide; Tho' dan- ger should as - sail us, In Him we safe a - bide.
 to Him we be - long, Whose grace shall fail us nev - er, Whose love in-spires our song.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

Arr. by LIVESEY CARROTT.

1. March onward, march onward! our ban-ner of light Is wav-ing be-fore us ma-
 2. March onward, un-daunt-ed, what-e'er may op- pose; The sword of the Spir- it will
 3. The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in vain, Our buck-ler of faith in Im-
 4. March onward, oh, vis- ion of rap- ture un- told! The vic- tors for Je- sus ere

jes- tic and bright; March onward thro' tri- al, tempta- tion, and strife, No rest from the
 vanquish our foes; Tho' legions of darkness our pathway as- sail, If pray'r be our
 man- u- el's name; The storm- cloud may gather, the thunder may roll, Yet God is the
 long shall behold The land of our promise, the home of our rest, And dwell with our

REFRAIN.

con- flict—the bat- tle of life. } Press forward, look upward, be strong in the Lord,
 watch- word, they cannot pre- vail. }
 Ref- uge and Rock of the soul.
 Cap- tain e- ter- nal- ly blest.

Our hope in His mer- cy, our trust in His word; Press forward, look upward, march

March Onward!—Concluded.

home-ward and sing, "All glo-ry to Je-sus, to Je-sus our King."

192.

The Star of Bethlehem.

W. C. BRYANT.

S. A. WARD.

1. As shadows cast by cloud and sun Flit o'er the summer grass, So, in Thy sight, Al-
2. Yet doth the star of Beth'hem shed A lus-tre pure and sweet; And still it leads, as

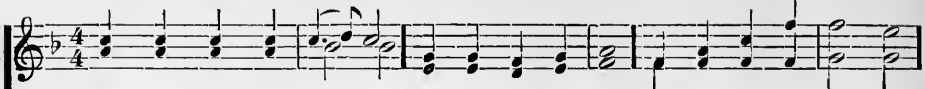
might-y One, Earth's gen-e-rations pass: And as the years, an end-less host,
once it led, To the Mes-si-ah's feet. O Fa-ther, may that ho-ly Star

Rit.
Come swiftly pressing on, The brightest names that earth can boast Just glisten and are gone.
Grow ev'ry year more bright, And send its glorious beams a-far To fill the world with light.

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FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

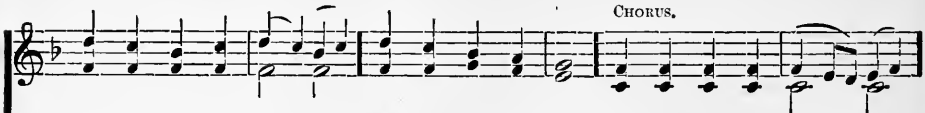
A. S. SULLIVAN.



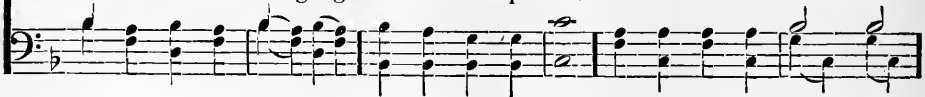
1. Who is on the Lord's side Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-er
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Pierce may be the cou - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



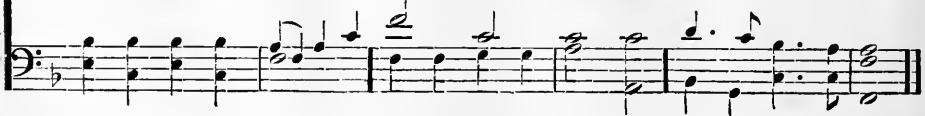
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side Who will face the foe,
 Raise the war - rior-psalm: But for love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died,
 For Thy di - a-dem. With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can o - ver-throw. Round His stand - ard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure,



Who is on the Lord's side, Who for Him will go.
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. } By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the triumph sure.



By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine!
 We are on the Lord's side,



1. We've launch'd our barge on the o-c-ean of life, To weather its voyage of dan-ger and strife;
 2. Tho' fa-vor-ing breez-es prosper our way, And gently the wa-ters a-round us play,
 3. Or when in their fury the great billows rise, And close by fierce breakers our proud ship lies,
 4. Break-ers ahead! But the harbor is near; With Christ for our pilot no wreck we need fear;

'Mid sun-shine or storm we'll fearlessly ride, But look out for breakers on ev-'ry side.
 Temp-tation's stern rocks from dark caverns peep, And warn us a faith-ful watch to keep.
 Let faith be the bea-con that cheers our sight, And guides us on safely thro' darkest night.
 But brave-ly de-fy-ing each stormy blast, Tri-umphant-ly en-ter the port at last.

CHORUS.

Breakers a-head Breakers a-head
 Ev-'ry man at his post, Hid-den reefs line the coast,

By com-pass and chart and by helm we'll steer, Our Pilot is true, and the port is near.

Anon.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch, while 'tis call'd to - day; Watch, lest the
 2. Chase slumber from thine eyes; Chase doubt-ing from thy breast; Thine is the
 3. Take Je - sus for thy trust; Watch, watch for - ev - er more; Watch, for thou

world pre - vail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Watch, for the flesh is weak;
 prom - ised prize Of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest; Watch, Christian, watch and pray;
 soon must sleep With thousands gone be - fore; Now, when thy sun is up,

Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch, lest the Bridegroom come: Watch, tho' He tar-ry long.
 Thy Saviour watch'd for Thee; Till from His brow there pour'd Great drops of ag - o - ny.
 Now, while 'tis call'd to - day, Now is ac - cept - ed time; Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

CHORUS.

O, watch . . . and pray, O, watch and pray;

O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray, O, watch and pray;

Watchfulness.

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Watch and Pray.—Concluded.

O, watch in the darkness and watch in the day; Chris-tian, watch and pray.

196. Christian! Dost Thou see Them.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground? How the powers of
 2. Chris-tian! dost thou feel them, How they work with - in, Striv - ing, tempt-ing,
 3. "Well I know thy troub-le, O My serv - ant true; Thou art ver - y

dark-ness Rage thy steps a - round? Chris-tian, up, and smite them!
 lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin? Chris-tian, nev - er trem - ble;
 wea - ry, I was wea - ry too; But that toil shall make thee

Count-ing gain but loss; In the strength that com-eth By the Ho - ly Cross.
 Nev - er be down-cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.
 Some day all Mine own, And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne."

Watchfulness.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

OREN R. BARROWS.

1. At the gold-en gate of pray'r I wait, The Lord my King ad-dress-ing,
 2. For the King I seek is kind and meek, Tho' He is high and ho-ly;
 3. At the gold-en gate of pray'r I wait, In God's own way ap-point-ed,

Till He draw near my suit to hear, And grant His roy-al bless-ing.
 He knows us well, and loves to dwell With hum-ble hearts and low-ly.
 Till He in grace un-veil His face In Christ, His own A-noint-ed.

CHORUS.

Gold-en gate, gold-en gate, The gold-en gate of prayer;
 gold-en, gold-en gate,

Watch and wait, watch and wait, The Lord will meet thee there.
 Watch, O watch and wait,

198.

When the Weary Seeking Rest.

H. BONAR, D. D.

CALLCOTT.—MENDELSSOHN.

1. When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav-y
 2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his souls a-bove; When the prod-i-
 3. When the stran-ger asks a home, All his toil to end; When the hun-gry
 4. When the man of toil and care In the cit-y crowd; When the shep-herd

la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seek-ing peace, On Thy
 gal looks back To his Father's love; When the proud man in his pride, Stoops to
 crav - eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave Bows the
 on the moor Names the name of God; When the learn-ed and the high, Tired of

names shall call; When the sin - ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:
 seek Thy face; When the bur - den'd brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace;
 fer - vent knee; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee;
 earth-ly fame, Up - on high - er joys in - tent, Name the blessed name:

CHORUS.

Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n, Thy dwelling - place on high.

199.

Dear Lord, Remember Me.

THOMAS HAWEIS

Music, BEETHOVEN,
Arr. G. C. PHIPPS.*Gently.*

1. O Thou, from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee; In all my sorrows,
2. When, groaning, on my burden'd heart My sins lie heav-i - ly, Thy pardon speak, new

conflicts, woes, O Lord, remember me.
peace impart, In love remember me.

3 If, on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, "remember me!"

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200.

Prayer, the Soul's Desire.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sincere de-sire, Un - utter'd or ex - press'd; The mo-tion of a
2. Pray'r is the burden of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear, The upward glancing
3. Pray'r is the simplest form of speech, That infant lips can try; Pray'r, the sublimest
4. Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice, Re-tur-n-ing from his ways; While angels in their

hid - den fire That trembles in the breast.
of an eye, When none but God is near.
strains that reach The Ma - jes - ty on high.
songs rejoice, And cry, "behold, he prays!"

5 Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

Prayer.

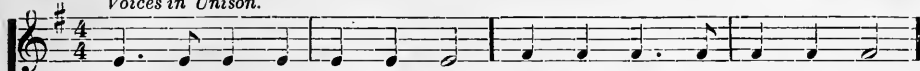
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201.

Litany.

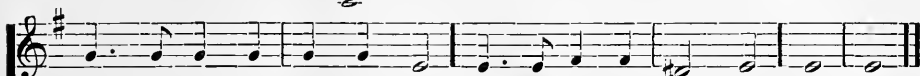
Rev. T. B. POLLOCK.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Voices in Unison.

1. Je - sus, in Thy dy - ing woes, Ev - er while Thy life - blood flows,
 2. Sav - iour, for our par - don sue When our sins Thy pangs re - new,
 3. Oh, may we, who mer - cy need, Be like Thee in heart and deed

ORGAN.



Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 For we know not what we do: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 When with wrong our spir - its bleed: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.

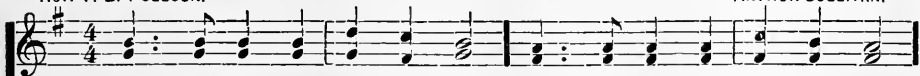


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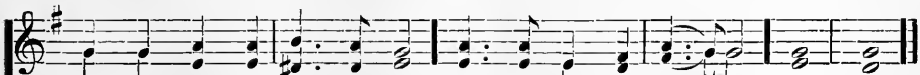
Jesus, Son of God Most High.

Rev. T. B. POLLOCK.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Je - sus, Son of God most High, Who didst in a man - ger lie,
 2. May we grow from day to day, Glad to learn each ho - ly way,
 3. May our thoughts be un - de - fil'd, May our words be true and mild,
 4. May we ev - er try to be From our sin - ful tem - pers free,



Who up - on the cross didst die: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 Ev - er read - y to o - bey: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 Make us hum - ble as a child: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
 Pure and gen - tle, Lord, like Thee: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - men.



203.

Saviour, Help Me.

Sir ROBERT GRANT.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By Thy birth, and by Thy tears; By Thy hu - man griefs and fears;
 2. By the ten - der - ness that wept O'er the grave where Laz' - rus slept;
 3. By Thy lone - ly hour of pray'r; By the fear - ful con - flict there;
 4. By Thy tri - umph o'er the grave; By Thy pow'r the lost to save;

By Thy con - flict in the hour Of the sub - tle temp - ter's power, —
 By the bit - ter tears that flow'd O - ver Sa - lem's lost a - bode, —
 By Thy cross and dy - ing cries; By Thy one great sac - ci - fice, —
 By Thy high, ma - jes - tic throne; By the em - pire all Thine own, —

Sav - iour, look with pity - ing eye; Sav - iour, help me, or I die;

Sav - iour, help me, Sav - iour help me, Sav - iour, help me, or I die.

204.

Jesus, Who for us Didst Bear.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Je - sus, who for us didst bear Scorn and sor-row, toil and care, Harken to our
2. By the pray'r Thou thrice didst pray That the cup might pass a- way, So Thou mightest

low - ly pray'r, Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.
still o - bey, Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

3 By the cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, whose death has been our life,
Save us, holy Jesus.

205.

1 Light of lights, with morning, shine:
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

2 Light of lights, when falls the even.
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a holy calm.

3 Ruler of the earth and sea,
Dimly here we worship Thee:
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men.
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

Reginald Heber.

207.

1 God of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling place;
Hear, forgive and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive and save.

Eliza Fanny Morris.

206.

1 Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, teacher, infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Mighty monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

3. Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels, wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

Prayer.

208. Jesus from Thy Throne on High.

THOS. B. POLLOCK.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky;
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near:
 3. Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well, Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell,
 4. Lit - tle lives may be di - vine, Lit - tle deeds of love may shine,

Look on us with lov - ing eye; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
 Thou dost love us, Sav - iour dear; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
 Lit - tle hymns Thy prais - es swell; Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!
 Lit - tle ones be who - ly Thine: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus!

209.

- 1 Jesus, David's Root and Stem,
 Jesus, Bright and glorious Gem,
 Jesus, Babe of Bethlehem;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 2 Jesus, at whose infant Feet,
 Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
 Knelt to pay their worship meet;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 3 Jesus, unto whom of yore
 Wise men, hastening to adore,
 Gold and myrrh and incense bore;
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.
- 4 From all childish sins that stain,
 From all words that might give pain,
 From all evil thoughts and vain;
 Save us, Holy Jesus.

Prayer.

- 5 From each prond and sullen mood,
 From all tempers rough and rude,
 Hardness and ingratitude;
 Save us, Holy Jesus.
- 6 From a will that disobeys,
 From all selfish works and ways,
 From all guile and falsehood base;
 Save us, Holy Jesus.
- 7 By Thy Pattern bright and pure,
 By the pains Thou did'st endure
 Our salvation to procure;
 Save us, Holy Jesus.

R. F. Littledale.

210.

- 1 Heavenly Father let Thy light
 Break upon our blinded sight,
 Chase away the shades of night,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Jesus, who did'st suffer pain,
To release from error's chain;
Man's lost Paradise to gain,
Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

3 Seek for those who careless roam,
Bring the wanderers safely home,

May Thy glorious kingdom come
Jesus, Saviour, hear us.

4 Come and bring new life within,
Rescue souls from death and sin,
Teach the careless heaven to win,
Blessed Spirit, hear us.

Anon.

211. Lord for To-morrow.

Canon ERNEST R. WILBERFORCE.

(BEYROUT.)

MILLS WHITTLESEY.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
2. Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work And du - ly pray;
3. Let me be slow to do my will Prompt to o - bey;

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.
Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.
Help me to mor - ti - fy my flesh, Just for to - day.

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- 4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.
- 5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave—
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.
- 6 And if to-day from earth my life
Should ebb away,
Give me my Saviour's presence sweet,
Just for to-day.
- 7 So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

212.

May We Be One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther of all, from land and sea The na - tions sing, "Thine,
 2. O Son of God, whose love so free For men did make Thee
 3. Join high and low, join young and old, In love that nev - er
 4. So, when the world shall pass a - way, May we a - wake with

Lord, are we, Countless in num - ber but in Thee May we be one."
 Man to be, U - ni - ted to our God in Thee, May we be one.
 wax - es cold; Un - der one Shep - herd, in one fold, Make us all one.
 joy and say, "Now in the bliss of end - less day We are all one."

213.

- 1 My God! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to Thy feet—
 The hour of prayer.
- 2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
 Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
 Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
 With hopes of heaven.
- 3 No words can tell what blest relief
 There for my every want I find,

- What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
 What peace of mind.
- 4 Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear,
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
 And e'en the penitential tear
 Is wiped away.
 - 5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore
 No privilege so dear shall be,
 As thus my inmost soul to pour
 In prayer to Thee:

214.

Lord, Abide with me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SYLVESTER MAIN.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour! hear my call, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
 2. Lone - ly in a stran - ger land, Cast me not a - way from Thee;

Used by permission.

Lord, Abide with me.—Concluded.

Thou, my life, my hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.
Lead me by Thy gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.

3 Thou hast died the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave
Lord, abide with me.

4 Fill me with Thy love divine,
Consecrate my life to Thee;
Bend my stubborn will to Thine,
Lord, abide with me.

5 When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to Thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Lord, abide with me.

6 Then, oh! then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with me.

215.

- 1 Holy Ghost, the infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!
- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint, Thy strength afford,
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!
- 3 Like the dew, Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!
- 4 Holy Ghost! the infinite,
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

George Rawson.

216.

Only One Prayer To-day.

Rev. W. C. Dix.

L. M. FOSBERRY.

1. On - ly one pray'r to - day, One earn - est, tear - ful plea;
2. Al - though my sin is great, Still to my God I flee;
3. No oth - er Name than His, My hope, my help may be:

A lit - a - ny from out the heart— Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.
Yes, I can dare look up and say, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.
Oh, by that one all - sav - ing Name, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

F. F. FLEMMING.

1. From the re - ces - ses of a low ly spir - it,
2. We know, we feel how mean, and how un - wor - thy

Our hum - ble pray'r as - cends, O Fa - ther, hear it; Borne on the
The low - ly sac - ri - fice we pour be - fore Thee: What can we

trem - bling wings of fear and meek - ness, For - give its weak - ness.
of - fer Thee: O Thou most ho - ly! But sin and fol - - ly.

218.

3 We see Thy hand, it leads us, it supports us:
We hear Thy voice, it counsels, and it courts us:
And then we turn away! yet still Thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

4 Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling;
Oh! who can hear the accents of Thy mercy,
And never love Thee.

5 Kind Benefactor! plant within this bosom
The seeds of holiness, and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

6 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower, brought safe through
death's dark portal,
Becomes immortal.

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow we to rest may yield us,
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-
take us; [wakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning
Serve Thee all day; in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

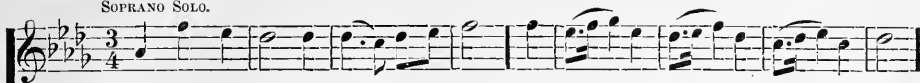
4 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given;
Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us, now and ever.

219.

From Every Stormy Wind.

Rev. H. STOWELL.
SOPRANO SOLO.

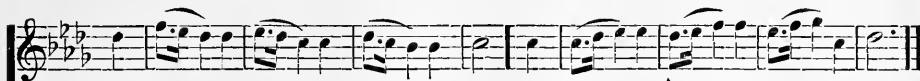
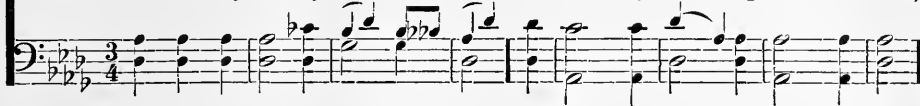
SOLO N WILDER.



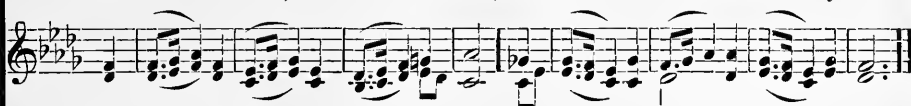
1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
CHORUS



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy-seat.



- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

220.

Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

(QUARTET OR CHOIR.)

Anon.
Prayerfully.

J. E. GOULD.

1. When torn is the bo - som with sor - row and care, Be it ev - er so
2. When pleas - ure would woo us from pi - e - ty's arms, The si - ren sing

sim - ple there's noth - ing like pray'r; It eas - es and soft - ens, sub -
sweet - ly or si - lent - ly charms; We list - en, love, loi - ter, and

dues, yet sus - tains, Gives vig - or to hope and puts pas - sion in chains.
caught in the snare; In look - ing to Je - sus we con - quer by prayer.

REFRAIN. WHOLE SCHOOL.

Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer, Be it ev - er so sim - ple there's nothing like prayer.

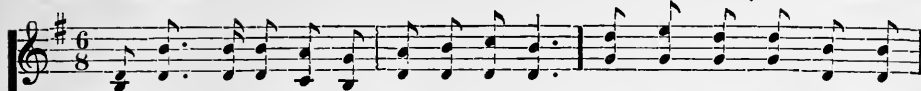
Prayer.

221.

Throw out the Life-Line.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

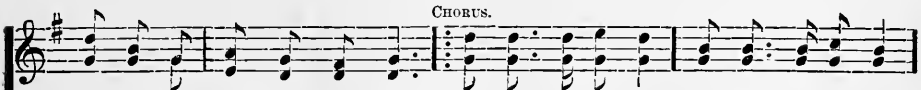
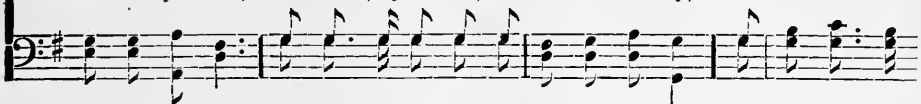
E. S. UFFORD. Arr by G. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink - ing in an - guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -



some one should save; Somebod - y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
 lin - ger, so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, has - ten to - day— And out with the
 you've nev - er been: Winds of tempta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But throw out the



Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
 out where the dark wa - ters flow. } Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
 Life-Line and save them to - day.



Some one is drift - ing a - way; Some one is sinking to - day.



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159

222.

The Promised Time.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Fr. F. A. BOILDIEU.

Chorus. *Spirited.*

1. Re - joice, re - joice, the promis'd time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the
 2. Re - joice, re - joice, the promis'd time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, Je -
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, the promis'd time is com - ing, Re - joice, re - joice, the

FINE. SOLO, DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

wil - der-ness shall bloom, And Zion's children then shall sing, "The deserts all are
 ru - sa - lem shall sing; From Zi - on shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from
 Prince of Peace shall reign; And lambs shall with the leopard play, For naught shall harm in

CHORUS.

blos - som - ing," Re - joice, re - joice the promis'd time is com - ing, Re - joice, re -
 south to north: Re - joice, re - joice the promis'd time is com - ing, Re - joice, re -
 Zi - on's way: Re - joice, re - joice the promis'd time is com - ing, Re - joice, re -

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

joice, the wilderness shall bloom. The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd, Shall wave in triumph
 joice, Je - ru - sa - lem shall sing: And truth shall sit on ev - 'ry hill, And blessings flow in
 joice, the Prince of Peace shall reign. The sword and spear, of need - less worth, Shall prune the tree and

The Promised Time.—Concluded.

D. C.

o'er the world, And ev - 'ry creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee.
 ev - 'ry rill, And praise shall ev - 'ry heart employ, And ev'ry voice shall shout with joy:
 plow the earth: And peace shall smile from shore to shore, And nations learn to war no more:

223.

O Church of Christ.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

Rev. GEORGE G. PHIPPS.

1. O Church of Christ, Je - ru - sa - lem! Ce - les - tial grace be Thine: Thou art the dwelling -
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! I came to thee for rest, And found it more than
 3. O Church of Christ! Je - ru - sa - lem! What grace to thee is giv'n! Thou art the dwelling -

CHORUS.

place of God, The gate of joys di - vine.
 earthly peace To be Immanuel's guest. } Where'er for me the sun may set, Where - er I may dwell,
 place of God, The gate from earth to heaven.

My heart shall never - more forget, My heart shall never - more forget Thy courts, Immanuel!

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CHOIR, OR QUARTET.

<p>1. My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange and secret whisper to my</p> <p>2. Why live I here? The vows of God are . . .</p> <p>3. And I will</p> <p>4. Henceforth, then, it matters not if storm or sunshine be my</p> <p>5. And if one for whom Satan hath struggled as He hath for</p>	<p>spirit, on me</p> <p>go</p> <p>earthly lot,</p> <p>me</p>	<p>like a dream of</p> <p>and I may not stop to play with shadows, or pluck earthly I may no longer doubt to give up friends and idol</p> <p>bitter or sweet my</p> <p>should ever reach that blessed</p>
--	--	---

<p>night, flowers, hopes, cup shore,</p>	<p>that tells me I am on eu-</p> <p>till I my work have done, and</p> <p>and every tie that binds my heart to</p> <p>I only pray, "God make me holy, and my spirit nerve for the stern</p> <p>Oh, how this heart will glow with</p>	<p>chant - ed render'd my ac- thee, my hour gratitude and</p>	<p>ground. count. country. "strife!" love!</p>
--	---	---	--

CHORUS for first four verses.
Vivace.

	<p>The voice of my de-part - ed Lord, "Go, teach all nations," Comes on the</p>
--	---

CHORUS for last verse.

	<p>night air, and a-wakes mine ear. Thro' a - ges of e - ter - nal years, My spir - it</p>
--	--

Missionary's Call.—Concluded.

nev - er shall re - pent That toil and suf - f'ring once were mine be - low.

225.

On the Mountain's Top.

THOS. KELLY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sacred her - ald stands, } Mourning captive!
 { Welcoms news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: }

God Himself will loose thy bands. Mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands.

- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful!
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 ||: Cease thy mourning!
 Zion still is well beloved. :||
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 He Himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasts and triumphs end
 ||: Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send. :||

- See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace:
 ||: Blesséd jubilee!
 Let thy glorious morning dawn. :||
- 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 ||: Let redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day. :||
- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 Win and conquer,—never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase:
 ||: Sway the scepter,
 Saviour! all the world around. :||

226.

- 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul, be still,—and gaze;

Church and Missions.

227.

City of God.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ARTHUR COTTMANN.

1. Cit - y of God, how broad and fair, Out - spread Thy walls sub - lime!
 2. One ho - ly Church, one ar - my strong, One stead-fast high in - tent,
 3. How pure - ly hath thy speech come down From man's pri - me - val youth!
 4. In vain the sur - ges an - gry shock, In vain the drift - ing sands;

The true Thy char - ter'd free - men are, Of ev - 'ry age and clime.
 One work - ing band, one har - vest song, One King Om - ni - po - tent!
 How grand - ly hath Thine em - pire grown, Of Free - dom, Love, and Truth.
 Un - harm'd up - on th' E - ter - nal Rock, Th' E - ter - nal Cit - y stands.

228.

Watching and Prayer.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

PHILIP ARMES.

1. Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;
 2. Gird thy heav'n - ly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er night and day;
 3. Hear the vic - tors who o'er - came; Still they mark each war - rior's way;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch and pray.
 Am - bush'd lies the e - vil one: Watch and pray.
 All, with warn - ing voice, ex - claim, - Watch and pray.

229. Where are Kings and Empires Now?

Rev. A. C. COXE.

WM. CROFT.

1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?
 2. We mark her good-ly bat-tle-ments And her foun-da-tions strong;
 3. For not like king-doms of the world Thy ho-ly church, O God!
 4. Un-shak-en as e-ter-nal hills, Im-mov-a-ble she stands,

But Lord, Thy church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.
 We hear with-in the sol-emn voice Of her un-end-ing song.
 Tho' earth-quake shocks are threat-n'ing her, And tem-pests are a-broad;
 A moun-tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made with hands.

230. The Tree of Life.

I. WATTS.

H. C. ZEUNER.

1. Al-mighty God, when round their shrine The palmtree's heav'nly branch we twine,
 2. We bless the leaves that round us fall We bless the flow'rs that bloom for all,

Em-blem of life's se-ren-est day And love that fad-eth not a-way,—
 And trembling say of E-den, thus Thy tree of life shall bloom for us.

231.

Arise and Sing!

R. WALMSLEY.

JUANITA JONES.

1. A - rise and sing! on Hope's bright wing Send forth the bless - ed sto - ry,
 2. The night of wrong has tar - ried long, But see! the day is break - ing;
 3. The spread - ing light shall put to fight The things that hurt and grieve us;
 4. Ye that are men, with tongue and pen, Speed on the con - sum - ma - tion;

mf *cres.*
 That night shall go, and day shall grow From glo - ry un - to glo - ry.
 And at the sign, and touch di - vine, The world from sleep is wak - ing.
 And peace and love, from heav'n a - bove, Des - cend and nev - er leave us.
 And chil - dren, bring your songs and sing, Of Christ, the world's sal - va - tion.

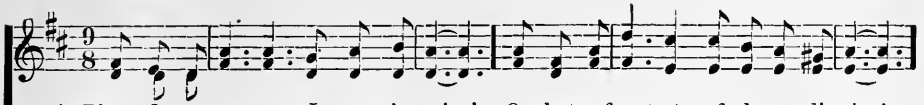
CHORUS.
f *mf*
 Then raise the song, the grand old song, That wrong shall tri - umph nev - er;

cres. *ff*
 That truth and right shall win the fight, Since Christ is King for ev - er.

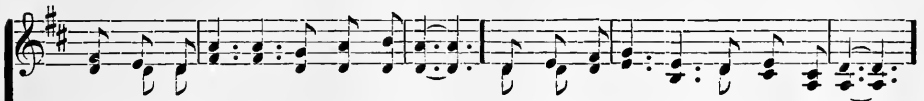
Triumph.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



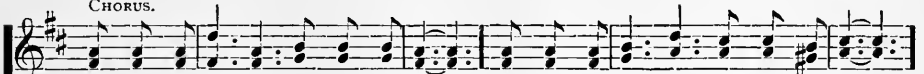
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine!
 2. Per-fect submis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rapt-ure now burst on my sight,
 3. Per-fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest,



Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 An-gels descending, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



CHORUS.



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;



This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



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233.

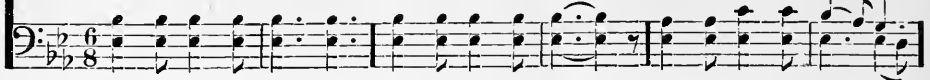
Hail the Cross of Jesus!

Anon.

Sir. A. S. SULLIVAN.



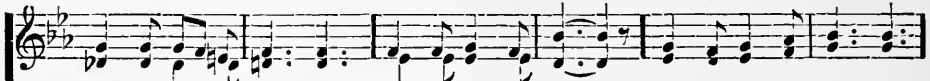
1. Hail the cross of Je - sus! Lift it up on high! Hail the mighty sig - nal
 2. Stands the cross of Je - sus Foremost in the fight, Drawing ev - er all men
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Cross of Je - sus



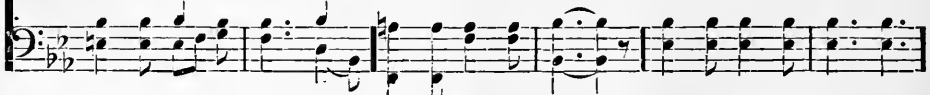
Point - ing to the sky! Hail the guide of pil - grims Thro' each de - sert drear!
 By its wondrous might. See! it mov - eth on - ward; Glad - ly fol - low we;
 Glo - rious will re - main; At this sign of tri - umph, Sin's dark host doth flee;



CHORUS.



Hail the sign of Je - sus, Chas - ing far our fear! } Hail the Cross of Je - sus!
 Where - so - e'er it go - eth, Should Christ's soldiers be. }
 On, then, Christian sol - diers! On to vic - to - ry! }



Lift it up on high! Hail the mighty sig - nal Point - ing to the sky!



234.

1 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,

Triumph.

Shines in might victorious
 His eternal Love.

CHO.—God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And His banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.

2 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.—CHO.

3 We will never doubt Thee;
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go, Thou still before us
To the endless day.—CHO.

Anon.

He can always calm them
With His "Peace, be still."

CHO.—Jesus is our Pilot,
Guided by His hand,
We shall reach the haven
On the golden strand.

2 Jesus is our Pilot,
Through His mighty arm
We are safe from danger—
Safe from fear and harm.
In His strong protection
We may ever rest;
Refuge from all sorrow
Is His faithful breast.—CHO.

3 Jesus is our Pilot,
Well He knows the way
From this realm of shadows
To the realm of day.
He can find the harbor
Others seek in vain,
There the Lord of glory
Evermore He'll reign.—CHO.

Kate Cameron.

235.

1 Jesus is our Pilot,
No one else can guide
Our frail barque in safety
O'er life's stormy tide.
When the waves of trouble
Baffle human skill,

236.

Triumphant Zion.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness and the dead; Tho' humble
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy various charms be known: The world thy
3. No more shall foes unclean invade, All fill thy hal-lowed walls with dread; No more shall
4. God, from on high, thy groans will hear; His hand thy ru - in shall re - pair; Nor will thy

long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength,
glo - ries shall confess, Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Deck'd in the robes of righteousness.
hell's insult-ing host Their victory and thy sorrows boast, Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in eter - nal peace, To guard thee in eter - nal peace.

Triumph.

237.

Raise the Song of Triumph.

T. C.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.

Joyfully.

1. Raise the song of tri-umph, swell the strains of joy, Hymns in praise of Je - sus
 2. Day by day we're pass-ing thro' this world of care, Year by year ap-proach-ing
 3. Ten - der - ly the Shep-herd ev - 'ry lamb doth guide; Keep us then, dear Sav-iour,

let our lips em - ploy; As our Sav-iour, greet Him, grate-ful trib - ute bring,
 heav'n so bright and fair; Old and young to - geth - er join the pil - grim band,
 safe - ly by Thy side: Faith-ful to Thy prom-ise, storms can ne'er dis - may,

CHORUS.

Prais - es to our Cap - tain, prais - es to our King.
 March-ing on to vic - t'ry and the prom - is'd land. } For - ward, for - ward!
 Might - y Cap - tain, lead us still in Zi - on's way. }

vic - t'ry be the cry; On - ward, on - ward, ban - ners wav - ing high; Join the

an - gel cho - rus in the sky, And sing a - loud to Christ our King.

238.

O Blessed Lord, I Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour, hear my call, While at Thy feet I hum - bly fall;
 2. I have no mer - it of my own, Thou on - ly canst for sin a - tone;
 3. Thy pre - cious name sal - va - tion brings, To Thee my wea - ry spir - it clings;
 4. O take this wand'ring heart of mine, And seal it, Lord, for - ev - er Thine;

To Thee, my Hope, my Life, my all, O bless - ed Lord, I come.
 And look - ing up to Thee a - lone, O bless - ed Lord, I come.
 And now, to rest be - neath Thy wings, O bless - ed Lord, I come.
 That I may know Thy love di - vine, O bless - ed Lord, I come.

CHORUS.

I come, and this my on - ly plea, That Thou didst give Thy - self for me ;

And cast - ing all my care on Thee, O bless - ed Lord, I come.

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239.

The Child of a King!

HATTIE E. BUELL.

JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the wealth of the
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wan - der'd o'er earth as the
 3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They'r building a pal - ace for

world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
 poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
 a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, — And
 me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof - fers are full. He has rich - es un - told.
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. } I'm the child of a King! The
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
 glo - ry to God. I'm the child of a King!

child of a King! With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King!

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GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. As the dis - tant streams u - nit - ing, To the o - cean on - ward move,
 2. 'Tis the cho - rus of an ar - my Do - ing bat - tle for the Lord,
 3. 'Tis the cho - rus of the faith - ful Pressing on to win the prize,
 4. May the praise that now is of - fered From this ho - ly place of prayer,

So our songs of joy are blend - ing With the songs of those a - bove.
 'Tis the ech - o of the mar - tyrs Who have con - quered thro' His word.
 'Tis the an - them of the mill - ions Gathered safe be - yond the skies.
 Rise to heav'n, and sweet - ly min - gle With the songs of an - gels there.

CHORUS.

Roll - ing on - ward, sweep - ing downward, At the gold - en gate they meet;

cres.

Songs from earth and songs in glo - ry Break as one, at Je - sus' feet.

241. Battle Hymn of the Women's Crusade.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

WM. STEFFE, 1855.

1. The light of truth is break-ing, on the mountain top it gleams; Let it
 2. With pur- pose strong and stead- y, in the great Je- ho- vah's name, We
 3. Our strength is in Je- ho- vah, and our cause is in His care; With Al

flash a- long our val- leys, let it glit- ter on our streams, Till
 rise to snatch our kin- dred from the depths of woe and shame, And the
 might- y arms to help us, we have faith to do and dare, While con-

all our land a-wak-ens in its flush of golden beams. Our God is marching on.
 ju- bi- lee of freedom to the slaves of sin proclaim. Our God is marching on.
 fid- ing in the promise that the Lord will answer pray'r. Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo- ry! glo- ry! Hal- le- lu- jah! Glo- ry! glo- ry! Hal- le- lu- jah!

Temperance.

Battle Hymn of the Women's Crusade.—Concluded.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march - ing on.

242.

(This poem, by the wife of the president of Amherst College, was written for the eighteenth anniversary of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U.)

- 1 From the hills and from the valleys,
Ring a glad, triumphant song;
'Tis the hymn of human progress,
In its strife divine with wrong;
'Tis the golden, heavenly anthem,
Which earth's faithful ones prolong,
"Our Christ is strong to save!"

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Our Christ is strong to save!

- 2 He who died in pain and sorrow,
That His people might be free;
He who, conquering death, and rising;
Captive led captivity,—
He our glorious, living Leader,
Calls us on to victory—
"For Christ is strong to save!"—**Cho.**
- 3 He will bid the powers of evil
Crumble to their final fall;
He will raise the bruised and broken,
And set free each prisoned thrall;
Who is he that may not conquer
Since his Lord has conquered all?"
"And Christ is strong to save!"—**Cho.**
- 4 O the growing, widening wonder
Of the gospel of His grace!
In His world-encircling service,
Every worker finds a place.

For we only turn dark natures
Toward the brightness of His face;
"And Christ is strong to save!"—**Cho.**

- 5 Onward sweeps the gathering army
Luminous in living light,
Forward stream the hallowed banners,
Floating far their snowy white,
Upward swells the mighty war cry
Still, "for God and Home and Right!
"Our Christ is strong to save!"—**Cho.**
Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

243.

Tune—AMERICA. (Page 177.)

- 1 God bless the noble band,
Who work to save our land
From drink and shame:
And labor to bring in
Men from paths of sin,
A new life to begin
In Jesus' name.
- 2 Thus homes are bright once more;
As in the days of yore,
True love reigns there:
Hushed is the cruel word,
With joy each heart is stirred,
The voice of praise is heard
Filling the air.
- 3 God bless each noble band,
In this and every land,
Who work for Thee,—
The drunkard to restore
That he may sin no more,
But Thy name, Lord, adore,
Eternally.

Wm. James.

Mrs. C. G. GOODWIN.

FRANZ ABT.

1. Hear the temp'rance call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry; See your
 2. Leave the shop and farm; Leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! the land to save; Let your
 3. Hail, our fa-ther-land! Here Thy children stand, All resolved, u - nit - ed, true, In the

na - tive land Lift its beck'ning hand. "Sons of freedom, come ye nigh, come ye nigh;
 lead - ers be True and no - ble, free, Fearless temp'rate, good, and brave, good and brave;
 temp'rance cause Ne'er to faint or pause; This our pur - pose is, and vow; this our vow,

CHORUS.

Chase the mon - ster from our shore; Let his cru - el reign be
 Chase the mon - ster from our shore; Let his

o'er Chase the mon - ster from our shore; Let his cru - el reign be o'er.
 cru - el reign be o'er soon be o'er;

245.

Do what is Right.

Anon.

F. GIARDINI.

1. Come children, now I pray, Each day, and ev - 'ry day, Do what is right! Right things in
2. Be tempt-ed as you may, Each day, and ev - 'ry day, Speak what is true! True things in

great and small; Then, tho' the sky should fall, Sun, moon, and stars, and all, You shall have light!
great and small; Then, tho' the sky should fall, Sun, moon, and stars, and all, Hear'a will show thro'.

246.

A Temperance Song.

Anon.

Ad. by H. CAREY.

1. Ye temperance warriors brave, On land or o - cean wave, Where'er ye be—Gird on your
2. Give Truth and Right the crown, And strike the tyrant down At God's command! Till Freedom's
3. Let un - ion, true and strong, Defeat the hosts of wrong From shore to shore; Let this our

ar - mor bright; Stand for the cause of right; And wage the ho - ly fight, From sea to sea.
joy - ful sound Be heard the earth around, Where'er the cause is found, In ev - 'ry land.
mis - sion be, —To set the cap - tive free, Till glo - rious lib - er - ty Reigns ev - er - more.

Temperance.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
 4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;

Ma-ny I know who have quaff'd from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 All that thou lov- est en- treats thee to stop; Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Lit-tle they thought that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
 Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deep-ly the poi-son may en- ter thy soul;
 Go to their lone-ly and des - o-late tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
 Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,

Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, be-ware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy con-trol; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop! for thy country, in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

248.

Praise the Lord of Harvest.

J. HAMILTON.

E. PROUT.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Praise the Lord of Harvest'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the staff are the lyrics for the first three lines of the hymn.

1. Praise, O praise the Lord of har-vest, Pror-i-dence and Love! Praise Him in His earthy temples, As a - bove.
 2. Praise Him, all ye host of heav-en! Praise Him day and night, Sun and moon and pow'rs of nature, Stars and light.
 3. Sing Him thanks for all the bounties Of His gracious hand;—Smil-ing peace and welcome plenty, O'er our land.

- 4 Learn we well these sacred lessons,
 Taught us year by year;
 Growing holier as life's Autumn
 Draweth near.
 5 Now the Church of God in patience,
 Waits her harvest-home,
 Till, with angels for His reapers,
 Christ shall come.
 6 May we all be safely gathered,
 At the Master's word,
 In the everlasting garner,
 With the Lord;—

- 7 With the saints of far back ages,
 Crowns upon their brow;—
 With the army of the martyrs,
 Conquerors now;—
 8 Speed, oh speed that glorious harvest
 Of the souls of men;
 When Christ's members, here long scattered,
 Meet again.
 9 Glory to the Lord of Harvest!
 Holy Three in One!
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Praise be done!

249.

Another Year is Dawning.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

M. VULPIUS.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Another Year is Dawning'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the staff are the lyrics for the first four lines of the hymn.

1. An-oth-er year is dawning, Dear Master, let it be, In working or in wait-ing,
 2. An-oth-er year of lean-ing Up - on Thy loving breast, Of ever-deep'ning trustfulness,
 3. An-oth-er year of mer-cies, Of faithfulness and grace, An-oth-er year of glad-ness
 4. An-oth-er year of pro-gress, An-oth-er year of praise, An-oth-er year of prov-ing

Musical notation for the second system of 'Another Year is Dawning'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the staff are the lyrics for the fifth and sixth lines of the hymn.

An - oth - er year with Thee.
 Of qui - et, hap - py rest.
 In the shin - ing of Thy face.
 Thy pres - ence "all the days."

- 5 Another year of service,
 Of witness for Thy love;
 Another year of training
 For holier work above.
 6 Another year is dawning;
 Dear Master, let it be,
 On earth, or else in heaven,
 Another year for Thee!

250.

The Opening Year.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

French Air.

1. Stand - ing at the por - tal of the op - ning year, Words of com - fort
 2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not a - fraid, I will help and
 3. For the year be - fore us, oh, what rich sup - plies! For the poor and
 4. He will nev - er fail us, He will not for - sake; His e - ter - nal

meet us, hush - ing ev - 'ry fear; Spo - ken thro' the si - lence
 strength - en, be thou not dis - may'd! Yea, I will up - hold thee
 need - y liv - ing streams shall rise; For the sad and sin - ful
 cov - 'nant He will nev - er break. Rest - ing on His prom - ise,

by our Fa - ther's voice, Ten - der, strong, and faithful, mak - ing us re - joice.
 with My own right hand, Thou art call'd and cho - sen in My sight to stand.
 shall His grace a - bound; For the faint and fee - ble per - fect strength be found.
 what have we to fear? God is all suf - fi - cient for the com - ing year.

ff CHORUS.

On - ward then and fear not, chil - dren of the day! For His word shall nev - er,

The Opening Year.—Concluded.

nev - er pass a - way! For His word shall nev - er, nev - er pass a - way!

251.

Thanks to God.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Thanks to God whose hand has led us Thro' an - oth - er hap - py year;
 2. Thanks for birds that sweet - ly car - ol, On their light and air - y wing;
 3. Thanks to Him, our great Cre - a - tor, For the joy the sum - mer yields;

f FINE.

Thanks to God whose ten - der mer - cy Kept us safe and brought us here.
 For the clouds that float a - bove us, And the gen - tle rain they bring,
 Fruits that prom - ise full and plen - ty, In the gold - en har - vest fields.

D. S.—*Yet, for homes and friends that love us, We would thank Him most of all.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Thanks for these and all the bless - ings From His grac - ious hand that fall;

252.

Pray, Brethren, Pray!

H. BONAR, D. D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato.

1. Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are fall-ing; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is call-ing,
 2. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend-ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is end-ing,
 3. Watch, brethren watch! The years are dy-ing; Watch, brethren, watch! Old time is fly-ing,
 4. Look, brethren look! The day is break-ing; Hark, brethren, hark! The dead are wak-ing,

Allegro.

You tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime; We kneel up-on the verge of time:
 Be-hold, the glo-ry draw-eth near The King Him-self will soon ap-pear:
 Watch as men watch the part-ing breath, Watch as men watch for life or death:
 With gird-ed loins all read-y stand; Be-hold, the Bridegroom is at hand!

REFRAIN. *Slow.**ritard.*After last verse only.
Adagio.

E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing nigh! Eter-ni-ty is draw-ing nigh! is draw-ing nigh!

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253.

Our Father's Will.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Anon.

1. With si-lence on-ly as their ben-e-dic-tion, God's an-gels come,
 2. Yet would we say what ev-'ry heart ap-prov-eth, Our Fa-ther's will,
 3. Not up-on us or ours the sol-emn an-gel, Hath e-vil wrought;
 4. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not whol-ly What He has giv'n;

Used by permission from "Church Hymnary."

Our Father's Will.—Concluded.

Where, in the shad - ow of a great af - flic - tion, The soul sits dumb.
 Call - ing to Him the dear ones whom He lov - eth, In mer - cy still.
 The fun - ral an - them is a glad e - van - gel; The good die not!
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as tru - ly As in His heav'n.

254.

In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.

p

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus plead for me, Lest, by base de -
2. Should Thy mer - cy send me, Sor - row, toil, or woe; Or should pain at -
3. When, in dust and ash - es, To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glory

ni - al, I de - part from Thee, When Thou seest me wav - er With a
 tend me On my path be - low, Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
 flash - es O'er the shel - ving brink, On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

look re - call; . . . Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
 hand to see, . . . Grant that I may ev - er, Cast my care on Thee.
 mor - tal strife, . . . Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

Used by permission from "Hutchins' Hymnal."

255.

When Twilight Gathers Fast.

Anon.

Rev. O. R. BARNICOTT.

1. When the twi - light gath - ers fast, With a qui - et still and deep, When the
 2. 'Mid the tread of ma - ny feet, 'Mid the hur - ry and the throng, In the
 3. Well worth the dai - ly cross; Well worth the earn - est toil; Well

bus - y day has passed, And the wea - ry "falls on sleep;" When the
 bur - den and the heat, Have the work - ing hours seemed long? Soft -
 worth re - proach and loss, The fight on stran - ger soil! Let us

life - long toil is o'er, At the set - ting of the sun, Comes joy for - ev - er -
 ly the shadow falls, And the pil - grim's race is run; While thro' ce - les - tial
 lift our hearts and pray, And take our jour - ney on; Work while 'tis called to -

rall.
 more, With the Mas - ter's word, "Well done!" With the Mas - ter's word, "Well done!"
 halls, Re - sounds the glad "Well done!" Re - sounds the glad "Well done!"
 day, With the tho't of that "Well done!" With the tho't of that "Well done!"

256.

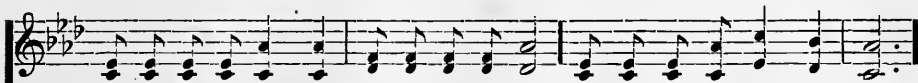
Tenting by the Shore.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

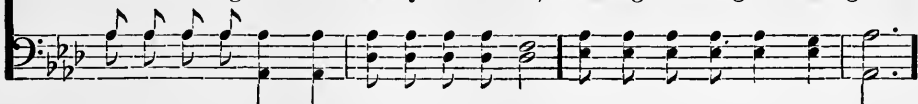
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



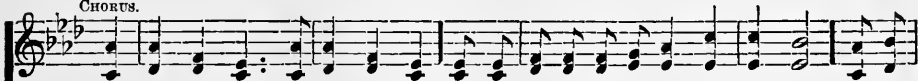
1. Tent-ing by the shore of the great, deep sea, Wait-ing on the wave-worn strand,
2. Hap-py now with Je-sus, they want no more, Know-ing neith-er pain nor care;
3. Tent-ing by the shore of the great, deep sea, Rest-ing in the Lord, I wait;



Ten-der are the voic-es call-ing un-to me, Voic-es from the si-lent land.
 Still they seem to lin-ger, wait-ing on the shore, Point-ing to the glo-ry there.
 Still the lov-ing voic-es sweet-ly call to me, Float-ing from the gold-en gate.



CHORUS.



They are not dead, they are not dead, They have only pass'd the cold, dark river; We shall



meet them once again, Yes, we'll meet them once-a-gain, With Je-sus, in our home for ev-er.



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257. Shall we Know each other There?

Adapted.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. When we hear the mu-sic ring-ing In the bright ce-les-tial dome,
 2. When the ho-ly ones shall meet us, As we reach the heavenly land,
 3. Yes, my wea-ry soul re-joic-es, And my heav-y heart grows light,

When sweet an-gel voic-es, sing-ing, Glad-ly bid us wel-come home,—
 Shall we know the friends that greet us When be-fore them we shall stand?
 For I hear the an-gel voic-es Sing-ing in the heavenly height;

To the land of an-cient sto-ry, Where the spir-it knows no care,—
 Shall we see them as we saw them When they bore the form of men?
 And the bright ones wait-ing for us Are the loved of long a-go;

In that land of light and glo-ry, Shall we know each oth-er there?
 To our bo-som shall we draw them, And our loved ones find a-gain?
 We shall join the bless-ed cho-rus, And each oth-er sweet-ly know.
 Shall we know each oth-er there?

Shall we know each oth-er there?

Arrangement Copyright, 1889, by Biglow & Main.

Shall we Know each other There.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?
 Shall we know each other? Shall we know each oth - er?

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
 Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

258.

What is Life?

Rev. THOS. KELLY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. What is life 'tis but a va-por, Soon it van-ish-es a-way, Life is but a dy-ing ta-per—
2. See that glo-ry how re-splend-ent! Bright-er far than fan-cy paints; There, in ma-jes-ty transcend-ent,
3. Go, and share His peo-ple's glo-ry, 'Midst the ransom'd crowd ap-pear; Thine a joy-ful, wondrous sto-ry,

O my soul, why wish to stay! }
 Je - sus reigns, the King of saints. } Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon - der world of joy.
 One that an - gels love to hear. }

Heaven.

259.

I Know There's a Rest.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I know there's a rest that re-main-eth for me, A rest when my journey is o'er;
 2. I know there's a rest that re-main-eth for me, A rest with my Saviour a - bove,
 3. I know there's a rest that re-main-eth for me, I'll pa - tient-ly wait till it come,—

I know that the ransom'd in bliss I shall see, And la - bor and sor-row no more.
 Where, cloth'd in His image, His face I shall see, And feast on the smile of His love.
 Till an-gels shall bear me a - way on their wings, And Je - sus shall welcome me home.

CHORUS.

Then on-ward I'll go, and with courage I'll tread The path my Re-deem-er has trod,

Since He hath declar'd there remaineth a rest, A rest for the peo-ple of God.

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260.

Home of the Soul.

Mrs. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul,
 2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams Its bright jasper walls I can see;
 3. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and pain;

Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-
 Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-

ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms ever
 cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. Till I fan-cy but
 oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain. With songs on our

beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
 thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
 lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

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261.

Love, Rest, and Home!

H. BONAR, D. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon; Be-yond the
 2. Be-yond the ris-ing and the set-ting, I shall be soon; Be-yond the
 3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, I shall be soon; Be-yond the
 4. Be-yond the frost-chain and the fe-ver, I shall be soon; Be-yond the

waking and the sleeping, Be-yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
 calming and the fret-ting, Be-yond remembering, for-get-ting, I shall be soon.
 farewell and the greeting, Be-yond the pulse's fever beat-ing, I shall be soon.
 rock-waste and the river, Be-yond the ev-er and the nev-er, I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be there to meet The

dear ones all at home. O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

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GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Glid - ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es some-times roll;
 2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal hills;
 3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in One,
 4. 'Tis the wea - ry pil - grim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease,

And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
 And, tho' dis - tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapt - ure thrills!
 We shall sing glad songs of tri - umph When our har - vest work is done.
 And our long - ings and our yearn - ings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed Home - land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;

But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

O. F. PRESBREY.

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the king-dom of God; I have read how its
 2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav-en, Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare; And the saints who on
 3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright crowns which the glo-ri-fied wear, When our Fa-ther shall
 4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile sin-ners may ask and re-ceive Peace and par-don from

walls are of jas-per, How its streets are all gold-en and broad, In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as
 earth have been faith-ful, Rest for-ev-er with Christ o-ver there; There no sin-ev-er en-ters, nor sor-row, The in-
 bid them "Come, en-ter, And my glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly share;" How the right-eous are ev-er-more bless-ed, As they
 ev-ery transgression, If when ask-ing they on-ly be-lieve. I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for

crystal and pure to be hold; But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.
 hab-i-tants nev-er grow old; But not half of the joys that a-wait them To mor-tals has ev-er been told.
 walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not half of the won-der-ful sto-ry To mor-tals has ev-er been told.
 safe-ty we en-ter His fold; But not half of His good-ness and mer-cy To mor-tals has ev-er been told.

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Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Not half has ev - er been told; Not half has ev - er been told;
been told; been told:

Not half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor - tals has ev - er been told.
Repeat the Chorus p.

264.

Looking Homeward.

GODFREY THRING.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The ra - dant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too soon her
2. Our life is but an au - tumn day, Its glo - rious noon how
3. Oh, by Thy soul - in - spir - ing grace Up - lift our hearts to

gold - en store; The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more.
quick - ly past; Leads us, O Christ, Thou Living Way, Safe home at last.
realms on high; Help us to look to that bright place Be - yond the sky.

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain.

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Heaven.

265.

The Bright Forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Break-ing thro' the clouds that gath-er O'er the Christian's na - tal skies, Dis-tant
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our jour-ney's end; Yet a
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O' the long un-brok-en rest! In the

beams, like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al-most hear the
 lit - tle while of la - bor, Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to
 gold - en fields of pleasure, In the re - gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-

ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng, In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the
 slumber, But the night will soon be o'er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall
 deem-er, And be-fore His throne to fall, There to hear His gracious welcome- Will be

CHORUS.

sum - mer - land of song. }
 slum - ber nev - er-more. } On the banks be-yond the riv - er, We shall meet, no more to
 sweet - er far than all. }

The Bright Forever.—Concluded.

ritard.

sev - er; In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the sum-mer-land of song.

266.

Beautiful Hills of Glory.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Beau-ti-ful hills of glo - ry, Beau-ti-ful fields of light, When shall my long-ing
 2. Beau-ti-ful strains whose ech-o Oft in my soul I hear, Songs from the ma-ny
 3. Not till the voice of Je - sus Tells me my work is done; Not till the race be

REFRAIN.

spir - it Bathe in their splendor bright? When will my loving Sav - iour Call me a -
 man-sions, Fall on my list-'ning ear. When will, etc.
 end - ed, Not till the crown be won. Then will my lov-ing Sav - iour Call me a -

cross the sea? Beau-ti-ful home e - ter - nal, When shall I come to thee?
 cross the sea; Beau-ti-ful home e - ter - nal, Then will I come to thee.

Heaven.

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267.

Haven, Bright Haven.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING

W. H. DOANE.

1. Peace-ful and beau-ti-ful ha-ven of rest, Home of the pu-ri-fied, joy of the blest;
 2. Oft have I dream'd of a man-sion so fair, Oft have I wish'd I at last might be there;
 3. All is so marr'd in this lost E-den plain, Marr'd by the death-blight of sin and of pain;

Home where all sadness for-ev-er shall flee, Ha-ven, bright ha-ven, I long for thee.
 Here as a-far from my pleasures I roam, Oft do I sigh when I think of home.
 There in that ha-ven no sor-row shall fall, Beauty's bright splendor will shine o'er all.

D.S. Home where the dearest of treasures shall be, Ha-ven, bright ha-ven, I long for thee.

REFRAIN.

Home..... of the pu-ri-fied, Bright is thy shore,
 Home of the good and the

Ha- - - ven of peace When life's tri-als are o'er;
 Ha-ven of ref-uge and

Heaven.

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I am Toiling on a Restless Ocean.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I am toil - ing on a rest - less o - cean, Where the sur - ges dark - ly roll,
 2. I am toil - ing on a rest - less o - cean, Yet my heart shall feel no ill,
 3. I have anchor'd on the Rock of A - ges, On the Rock no storm can move;
 4. O I'm looking to the land of prom - ise, For my heart and hope are there;

But I hear a gen - tle voice that tells me There's a ha - ven for the wea - ry soul.
 For my Father's lov - ing eye bends o'er me, He will ten - der - ly pro - tect me still.
 I am rest - ing in the arms of mer - cy, I am hid - ing in a Saviour's love.
 With my Saviour I shall dwell for - ev - er, And the bright - ness of His glo - ry share.

CHORUS.

The skies..... are growing bright - er,

The skies, yes, the skies are growing bright - er, And the shad - ows break a - way;

The skies..... are growing bright - er,

O I'm looking to the land of prom - ise, I am waiting for the dawn of day.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright, Beautiful land of rest! No win - ter there nor
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er free, Beautiful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er dear, Beautiful land of rest! Thy pearly gates al -

chill of night, Beau-ti-ful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chas'd away, The
 lib - er - ty, Beau-ti-ful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The
 most ap-pear, Beau-ti-ful land of rest! And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll

sun breaks forth in end-less day. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti-ful
 ransom'd there will never know, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti-ful
 sing the song we've sung before, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau-ti-ful

CHORUS.

land of rest!
 land of rest!
 land of rest! } Beau-ti-ful land! Beau-ti-ful land! Beau-ti-ful land of rest!

Beautiful Land of Rest.—Concluded.

Beau-ti - ful land! Beau-ti - ful land! Beau-ti - ful land of rest!

270. When shall we Meet again?

Ver. 1. A. A. WATTS.
Ver. 2, 3. Rev. S. F. SMITH.

Dr. L. MASON, 1846.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sav - iour; May we all

wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe
friend - ship glow, Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er: Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes— Nev - er— no, nev - er!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er— no, nev - er!
may our mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er— no, nev - er!

A Crown for the Young.

1. I know there's a crown for the saints of re-noun, And for saints whose good
 2. The youth-ful shall stand in that beau-ti-ful land, While the song of sal-
 3. The no-ble of birth and the poor of the earth, Both the man and the

deeds are un-sung; But oh, say is it true, if their days are but few, That a
 va-tion they sing; And the in-fant of days strike its harp in the praise Of Im-
 youth and the child, If in Je-sus they trust, when they rise from the dust Shall be

CHORUS.

crown is laid up for the young?
 man-uel, its Saviour and King. } Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young;
 crowned in the land undefield.

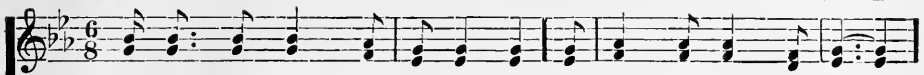
If their lives dai-ly prove that the Saviour they love, I know there's a crown for the young.

272.

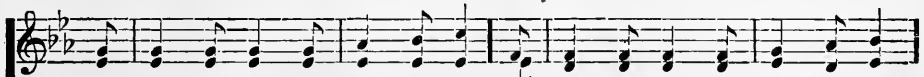
Nothing but Leaves!

Mrs. L. E. AKERMAN.

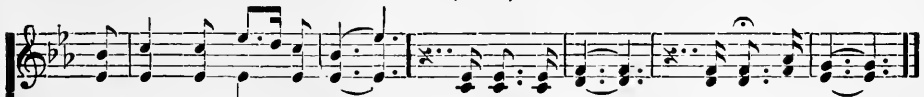
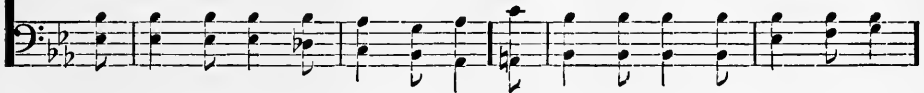
SILAS J. VAIL.



1. Noth-ing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life ;
2. Noth-ing but leaves! No gath-ered sheaves, Of life's fair ripe - 'ning grain :
3. Noth-ing but leaves! Sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past :
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with - ered leaves?



O'er sins indulged while con-science slept, O'er vows and prom - is - es un-kept,
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—Words, *i - dle* words, for ear - nest deeds—
 And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and mis - spent day
 Ah, who shall at the Sav-iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judg-ment seat



And reap from years of strife—	Noth-ing but leaves!	Noth-ing but leaves!
Then reap with toil and pain,	Noth-ing but leaves!	Noth-ing but leaves!
We sad - ly find at last—	Noth-ing but leaves!	Noth-ing but leaves!
Lay down for gold - en sheaves,	Noth-ing but leaves!	Noth-ing but leaves!



From "Shining Star," by per.

273

Tune.—WONDROUS LOVE.

1 God loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
 The love of God to me;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
 The risen Son of God;
 Redemption by His death I find,
 And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
 'And to His saints makes known
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,
 Through faith in Christ alone.

Martha M. Stockton.

274.

True Hearted, Whole Hearted.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
 2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance Yield-ing henceforth to our
 3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav-iour all glorious! Take Thy great pow-er and

grace we will be; Un-der the stan-dard ex-alt-ed and roy-al,
 glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience,
 reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-ri-ous,

CHORUS.

Strong in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. } Peal out the watchword!
 Free-ly and joy-ous-ly now would we bring. }
 Free-ly sur-rend-ered and whol-ly Thine own. } Peal

si-lence it nev-er! Song of our spir-its re-joic-ing and free;
 silence Song re-joic-ing

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True Hearted, Whole Hearted.—Concluded.

Peal out the watch - word ! loy - - al for - ev - er,
Peal loy - al

King of our lives, By thy grace we will be,
King

275.

As flows the River.

(WONDROUS LOVE.)

Anon.

W. M. G. FISCHER, alt.

1. As flows the riv - er calm and deep, In silence to the sea, So flow - eth ev - er,
2. What peace He bringeth to my heart, Deep as the sound - less sea ; How sweet - ly singeth
3. How calm at e - ven sinks the sun Be - yond the cloud - ed west ! So, tempest - driven,

And ceas - eth nev - er The love of God to me, The love of God to me.
The soul that clingeth, My lov - ing Lord, to Thee ; My lov - ing Lord, to Thee !
In - to the ha - ven, I reach the prom - ised rest, I reach the prom - ised rest.

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276.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

MARY A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled—Oh, wa-ken and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - ored, And heaven's with - in my breast;

“Car-est Thou not that we per - ish?” How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each
 Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I
 Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re-deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with

mo-ment so mad-ly is threat-ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter— Oh, has - ten and take con - trol!
 joy I shall make the blest bar - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

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Master, the Tempest is Raging.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . . be still . . .

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what -

Cres *cen*

ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

do. *ff* *m*

o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey Thy will, Peace, be still!

p *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

277.

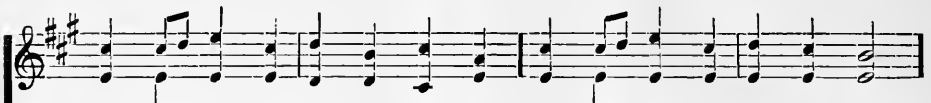
Lord Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT.

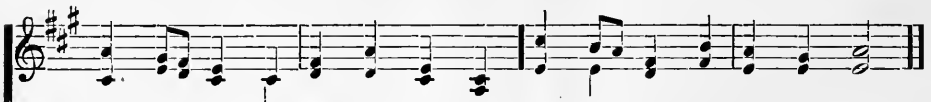
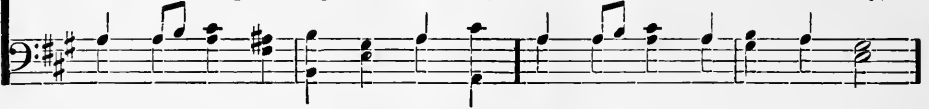
WM. L. VINER.



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 2. Thanks we give, and a - dor - a - tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound ;
 3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,



Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re-deem - ing grace ;
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound ;
 Borne on an-gels' wings to heav - en, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey,



O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav-ling through this wil-der - ness.
 May Thy pres-ence May Thy pres-ence, With us ev - er - more be found.
 May we ev - er May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end - less day.



* The Repeat for following Hymns.

278.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above :
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

Dismission.

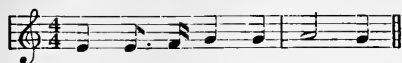
279.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Bid us now depart in peace ;
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,
 Let our faith and love increase ;
 Fill each breast with consolation ;
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise :
 When we reach our blissful station,
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise.

Edwin Smythe.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

280. THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7. 6.



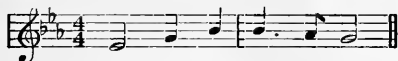
1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

REF.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Kate Hankey.

281. OLIVET. 6. 4.



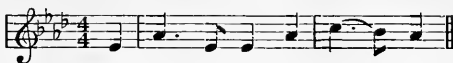
1 My faith looks up to Thee
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day,
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my failing heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

Ray Palmer.

282. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7. 6.



1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story,
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me,
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long!

Kate Hankey.

283. HAPPY DAY. L. M.



1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

P. Doddridge.

Familiar Hymns.

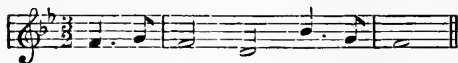
284. JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.



- 1 Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice to rest.
I know not—oh! I know not
What joys await me there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.
- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David.
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
- 3 Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

John M. Neale.

285. TOPLADY. 7.



- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady.

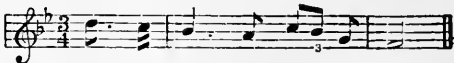
286. I HEARD THE VOICE. C. M.



- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living-water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

287. PILOT. 7.



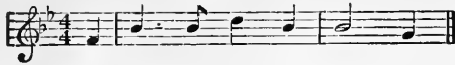
- 1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

Edward Hopper.

Familiar Hymns.

288.

WEBB. 7. 6.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

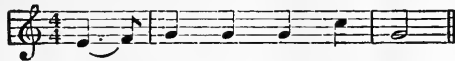
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay—
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

S. F. Smith.

289.

LABAN. S. M.



1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

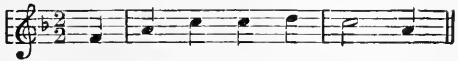
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath.

290.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7. 6.



1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The Lamp of Life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

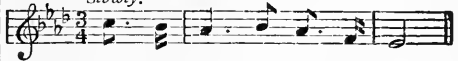
3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber.

291.

EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

Slowly.



1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power:
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

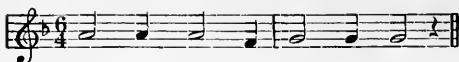
3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Familiar Hymns.

292.

MARTYN. 7s.



- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

C. Wesley.

293.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

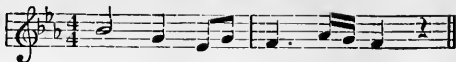


- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love—
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 The glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

J. Fawcett.

294.

JEWETT. 6s.



- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign:
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene,
I gladly trust with Thee:
Then to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Tr. by J. Borthwick.

295.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

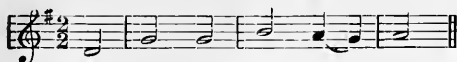


- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Familiar Hymns.

296.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord!
The house of Thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Timothy Dwight.

297.

Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. Page 177

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

C. Wesley.

298.

Tune—ALETTA. Page 3.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place,
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere

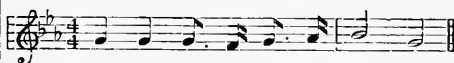
3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

• Oliver Holden, alt.

299.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod—
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing from the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease:
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

R. Lowry.

300.

Tune—WORK. 7. 6.

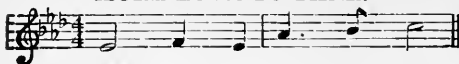
1 Work! for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work! for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Annie L. Coghill.

Familiar Hymns.

301. MORE LOVE TO THEE.



- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee:
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
||: More love to Thee. :||
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest:
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ! to Thee,
||: More love to Thee. :||
- 3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry,
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
||: More love to Thee. :||

Elizabeth Prentiss.

302. TUNE—AMERICA. Page 177.

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

S. F. Smith.

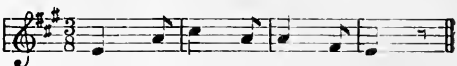
303. THE SOLID ROCK. L. M.



- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mota.

304. HORTON. 7.



- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!
- 2 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Ann L. Barbauld.

305. TUNE—BETHANY. 6. 4.

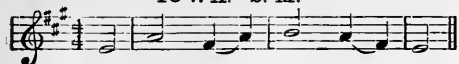
- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.
- 2 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven,—
All that Thon sendest me
In mercy given,—
Angels to beckon me
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :||
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams,

Familiar Hymns.

306.

IOWA. S. M.

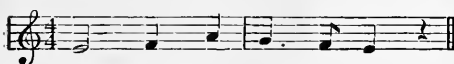


- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

C. Wesley.

307.

LYTE. 6. 4.

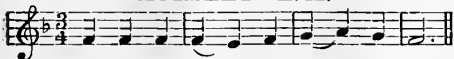


- 1 Jesus, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 2 Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck.

308.

HURSLEY. L. M.



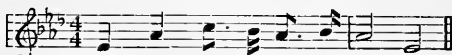
- 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

J. Keble

309.

THE PRECIOUS NAME.



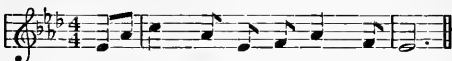
- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.
- Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

- 2 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!
- 3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter.

310.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

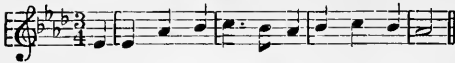


- 1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows sometimes how they sweep,
Like tempests down over the soul.
- Cho.—Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet.
- Cho.—Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.
- 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.
- Cho.—Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

E. Johnson.

Familiar Hymns.

311. WHITER THAN SNOW.



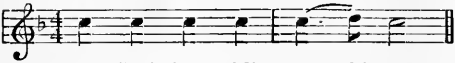
1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

James Nicholson.

312. ST. GERTRUDE. 11.



1 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ the royal Master leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see His banners go.

2 Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that can-
S. Baring-Gould.

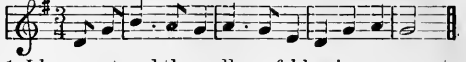
313. Tune—HENLEY. Page 120.

1 Come unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
Catherine H. Esling.

314. THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

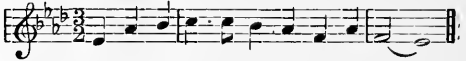


1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.—Oh, come to the valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess Him,
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart,
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.
Annie Wittenmyer.

315. LUX BENIGNA. P. M.



1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.
John Henry Newman.

4 Meanwhile along the narrow rugged path
Thyself hath trod
Lead, Saviour, lead me still in childlike faith
Home to my God;
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

E. H. Bickersteth

Familiar Hymns.

316. TRUSTING JESUS.



1 Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him, whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Edgar Page Stites.

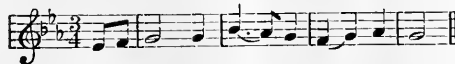
317. Tune—ORIOLA. Page 8.

1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child;
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

F. W. Faber.

318. WOODWORTH. L. M.



1 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot:
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within—without:
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be Thine, yea, *Thine alone*,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

319. DRAW ME NEARER.



1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

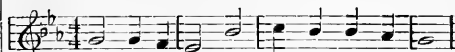
REP.—Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died,
Draw me nearer, nearer blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

320. ABIDE WITH ME.



1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power.
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.

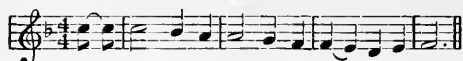
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, Thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte.

Familiar Hymns.

321.

HIDING IN THEE.



1 O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

REF.—Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding
in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone
hour, [power;
In times when temptation casts o'er me its
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out
my woe;
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
William O. Cushing.

322.

AUTUMN. 8. 7.



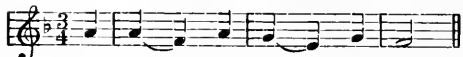
1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters.
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

J. Newton.

323.

DENNIS. S. M.



1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;

That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard His children well.

- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge

324.

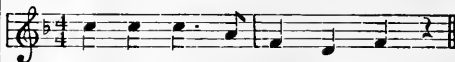
Tune—RIALTO. S. M. Page 115.

- 1 Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Isaac Watts.

325.

LEAD ME ON.

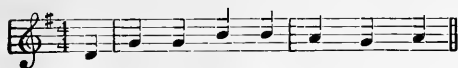


- 1 Traveling to the better land,
O'er the desert's scorching sand,
Father! let me grasp Thy hand;
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter water sweet;
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 3 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then, transported with the sight,
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 4 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on, lead me on!
- 5 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

Anon.

Familiar Hymns.

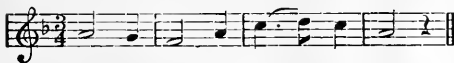
326. CORONATION. C. M.



- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God Incarnate, Man Divine;
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound Creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

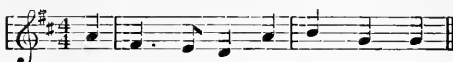
327. KÜCKEN. 7.



- 1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weanèd child,—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

J. Newton.

328. HE LEADETH ME. L. M.



- 1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
- CHO.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Jos. H. Gilmora.

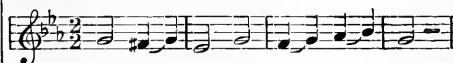
329. ANTIOCH. C. M.



- 1 Joy to the world—the Lord has come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts.

330. HOLLEY. 7.



- 1 Softly now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.
- 2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then from sin and sorrow free,
Take me Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Geo. Washington Doane.

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